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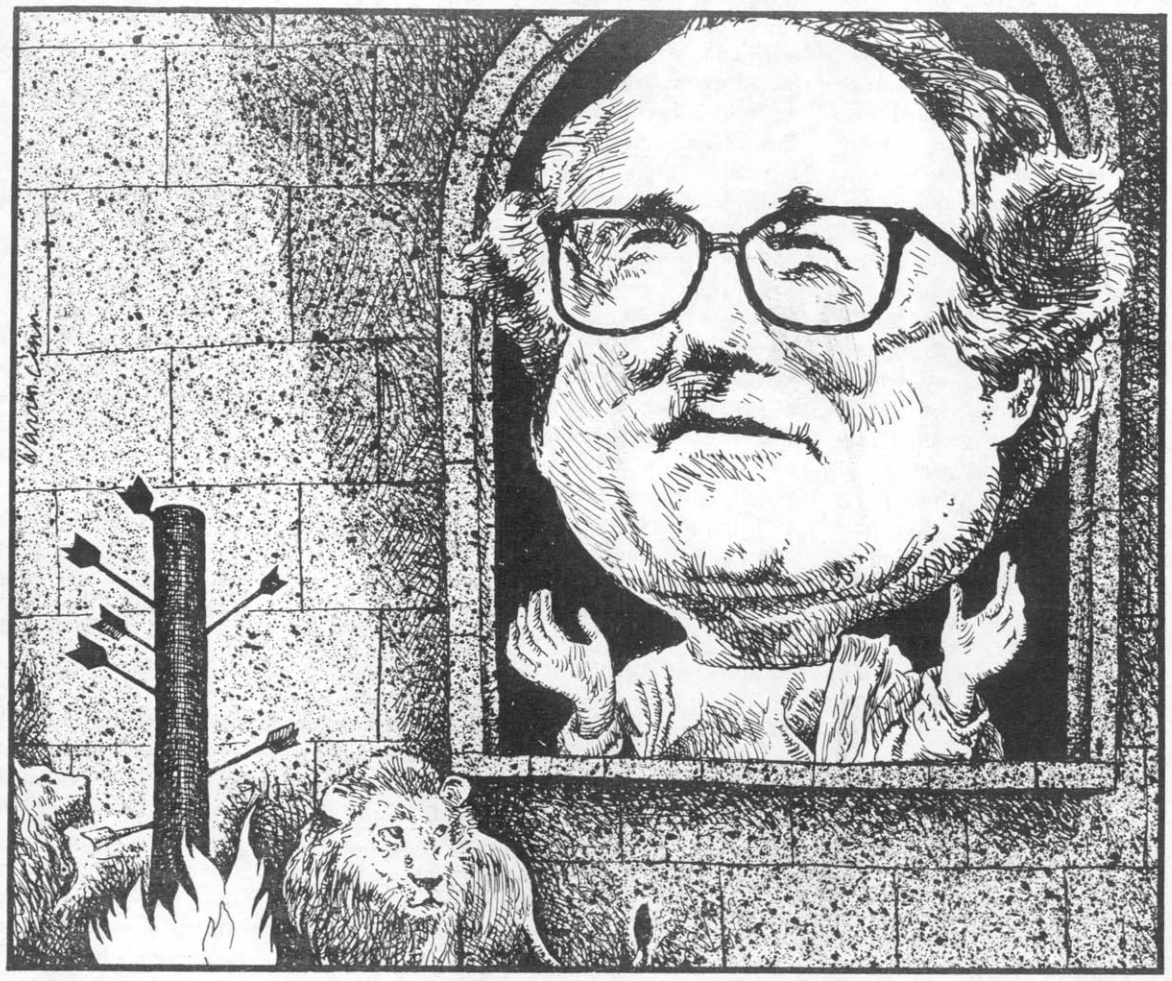

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• The amateurism of the Carter administration continues to be the most delicious topic of conversation wherever pundits gather, and evidence of the White House's lack of professionalism mounts as week follows week. For instance, President Carter delivered his State of the Union address on January 19—more than two weeks before National Tell-A-Joke Week.

• The speech itself was a dizzy *mélange* of Calvin Coolidge's platitudes and Lyndon Johnson's statism. Who wrote the ludicrous document remains a mystery, but on the basis of internal evidence I hold that the thing was somehow confected by the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, who believed the mark of a fine intellect to be the ability to hold two contradictory ideas in the mind simultaneously. If my surmise is sound this would be the first time a State of the Union address was written by a dead writer—an exquisitely fitting touch, for abroad in the land is the suspicion that Jimmy Carter is already a dead president. His historic drop in the polls has only been matched by Presidents Nixon and Ford. The speech's delirium can best be captured by quoting two stupendously incompatible passages whose cohabitation in the same text seems not to have jarred our president at all, though it is my guess that when he uttered the second passage at least a dozen senators woke up. At one point Mr. Carter stated that for some Americans their country has become "almost like a foreign country, so strange and distant that often we have to deal with it through trained ambassadors who have sometimes become too powerful and influential—lawyers, accountants, and lobbyists...." Nonetheless, he magisterially concluded: "We have emerged from bitter experience chastened but proud, confident once again, ready to face challenges once again, united once again...." What a mind! No wonder on January 12 Mr. Carter could inform a press conference that the investigation of Rep. Joshua Eilberg was "never mentioned to me" though he had in point of fact been informed of the investigation minutes before. One of the remarkable strengths of Mr. Carter is his proven ability calmly and authoritatively to embrace blatant contradiction. Whether this is a virtue of his intellect or his character is a moot question.

• In Chicago, thousands of rush-hour motorists were freed when police ended Mr. Abraham Johnson, Jr.'s three-hour protest by towing him off to the slammer while he remained locked in his automobile, his ideals uncompromised. Mr. Johnson, a long-time activist, became distraught at the pace he and his fellows were making on the Dan Ryan Expressway; and in the hope of bringing all Chicagoans to their senses he simply stopped his vehicle, locked its doors, and ceased to communicate with the outside world, except for an occasional obscene—albeit insightful—note to inquiring police. I placed a telephone call to this remarkable individual, and, though I failed to reach him, some sense of the popularity of his stand can be grasped from a recorded message that greeted me: "The number you have reached, 477-4465, has been disconnected temporarily at the customer's request." On January 17, Mrs. Mary Lou Tuttle of Seattle, Washington, was booked for making lewd telephone calls to a local mental-health clinic. In Cerritos, California, nonviolent protestors firebombed the childhood home of Mrs. Richard Nixon, and in Lauderhill, Florida, Dr. Nathan Chaset, founder of the vasectomy, passed on to his reward.

• In Milan, Italy, a gentleman identified only as Mr. Giovanni G. met with calamity as he lowered himself by rope down the outside of a building in hopes of catching his wife in the seraglio of a local bachelor. Alas, his wife was not in the apartment, but three other women were and in the ensuing pother Mr. G. plummeted earthward, breaking his right front leg. At the Ellwest Stereo Theater, Nashville, Tennessee's finest pornographic movie house, thirteen patrons, caught in the heat of their onanistic passion, were fleeced when a robber, posing as a plainclothes policeman, gathered them up, read them their constitutional rights, collected their wallets, and fled. And police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, have been given a very stern rebuke by Bucks County Judge Ira Garb for obtaining a confession from a suspect whom they attached to a Xerox machine programmed to reproduce a typed card saying "He's lying" whenever the police pressed the copy button. With a metal colander on his head and wires ominously trailing off into the copying machine, the unfortunate, and somewhat dim, suspect believed himself to be in the presence of a lie detector.

• The January 31 arrest of a United States Information Agency employee on charges of spying for the Socialist Republic of Vietnam has caused many Americans of a dovish persuasion to rethink their long-standing prejudice against the USIA. Arrested along with 42-year-old Mr. Ronald L. Humphrey was a South Vietnamese peace activist, Mr. Truong Dinh Hung, an employee of the Washington-based Animal Health Institute. The Communist government of Poland has smartened up in its struggle against the Roman Catholic Church. According to reports received in America in early February, the agents of Papa Marx are now hoping to lure Catholics from their altars by introducing pornography into Poland. Hence Poland will become the first country on the progressive side of the Iron Curtain to legalize smut, though purely as an instrument of the glorious proletariat revolution. The Moscow intelligentsia is in a fever over publication of a brilliant new interpretive study of America, titled simply: *Imperialism: The Enemy of Humanity*. In this balanced and erudite discussion of Yankee infamies it is argued that the American ruling class and its militarist interests use comic books to drug innocent children into "bourgeois ideology," anti-Communism, and disrespect for science—a stupendous insight that, and it is suggestive of our comparative benightedness that no discussion of this interpretation has appeared on these shores other than in a few brief allusions on the pages of the *Nation*.

• In Charleston, West Virginia, Mrs. Della Brent, an unusually plump woman, spent four days, including New Year's Eve, in her bathtub where she became helplessly lodged during one of her infrequent attempts at bathing. Mrs. Brent was helped from the tub on January 3 when police were alerted by concerned neighbors. Her condition was "surprisingly good," though according to Patrolman R.L. Backus, "she was real hungry." And throughout the world liberals let out a yell when Mr. Francisco Franco Martinez Bordiu, grandson of the late Generalissimo Francisco Franco, was sentenced in Tortosa, Spain, for illegally shooting a goat.

• That Baltimore, Maryland, disc jockey who claims to have sent a specimen of Billy Beer to an independent laboratory for analysis now insists that he has been notified: "We are sorry to have to inform you that your horse has diabetes." A Cuban diplomat's attaché case exploded in the lobby of a New York apartment house, and in Paramus, New Jersey, antiquarians and their allies became enraged when local firefighters inadvertently incinerated a 225-year-old house, the most precious in Bergen County. The federal government had laid aside $200,000 to save the relic, but through some mysterious mix-up fifty eager firemen intent on improving their technique poured gasoline on the old beauty and pffft. Mr. Frederick Gittes, representing a man who threw a banana cream pie at Ohio Governor James A. Rhodes, is defending his client's act on First Amendment grounds.

• And in Charlotte, North Carolina, a 68-year-old woman suffered a fatal heart attack at a faith-healing service. Mrs. Minnie Brown, a native of Concord, North Carolina, had just undergone the laying on of hands in a local auditorium when she looked ceilingward, hollered "Oh, I'm so happy," and croaked. The contretemps raises important questions over the separation of church and state, for when one of Charlotte's specially-trained fire inspectors, Mr. Jim Ray, tried to treat Mrs. Brown, he was driven off by an usher shouting "Leave her alone, she's in the spirit." By the time Mr. Ray got to Mrs. Brown she was an angel, and all he could do was report: "I hadn't worked at one of those shows before, and I didn't know if the dude knew what he was talking about." American culture suffered two tragic losses when 30-year-old Mr. Gregory Herbert, the saxophonist with Blood, Sweat and Tears, expired, and when 32-year-old Mr. Terry Kath, lead singer for the jazz-rock group Chicago, apparently mistook an automatic pistol for one of the numerous beer bottles he had emptied at a Hollywood party.

• Finally, medical science has come to the aid of a 21-year-old Clemson University student whose most private part was amputated last fall when an enraged husband discovered the youth *flagrante delicto*. The student and his severed member were brought together again in an Atlanta hospital and after a series of delicate operations the young man, Mr. Milton Cronheim, is crowing once again: "I feel great," he informed the UPI, and his father was just as enthusiastic, saying "It's really a miracle."

—RET

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EDITORIAL

Encomiums for Califano

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

That not one notable in all of Washington rejoiced at the incongruity of raising up a hustler to preside over the largest governmental department of do-goodery in Christendom I take to be exquisite evidence attesting to one of my most dearly held convictions, to wit: that we live under a near-tyranny of humorless minds. Think of it. On December 23, 1976, just plain ole Jimmy tapped Mr. Joseph A. Califano, Jr., to head the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and no one in Washington saw anything amiss. Califano—a Washington operator of unsmiteable energy and acquisitiveness—departs Georgetown to take over the Nation's loaves and fishes operation; yet there is no serenade of guffaws, no general outburst of facetiae. One may expect ha-ha's all the days of Joe's tenure, but the news commentators reported his appointment with strenuous sobriety, and then became his faithful PR agents. I believe that America is afflicted by humorless minds whose influence towers out of all proportion to their number. I believe that these rascals are not only blind to preposterosity but intent on intimidating into gloom all those with a proclivity for cheer. And I believe that the day will come when it will be either us or them.

Witness the arrival of Joe Califano at HEW: Poverty bureaucrats by the hundreds peer down from their windows as up the drive he comes, encased in his limousine, followed by a gorgeous retinue—there can be seen his $78,225-per-year bodyguard, there his $12,763-per-year cook, there a former vice president of Harvard University, and others follow. How can one view such a spectacle and not break up? I am sure that Joe saw the humor in it, and that is why he fetches my approbation. He is absolutely shameless. He has all the rhetoric of the constituency-of-conscience crowd down pat, and he still maintains his table at Sans Souci. He weeps with them, he roars on their behalf, he navigates every blind turn in their zigzagging public philosophy—he prospers. I have never seen a picture of him that there was not a twinkle in his brown eyes. His ample cheeks fairly glow with bonhomie. Is he arrogant? To be sure. And secretive? Naturally. Does he work 18-hour days, bullying his employees, and incessantly expanding his influence? *Mais bien sûr*. All this is true, but it does not gainsay my claim that Joe is, deep within, a clever and jolly soul. He sees greater Washington for the farce that it is, and he enjoys the act. He knows that the bureaucrats over which he rules are born mules to be goaded and manipulated. He senses the vacuity of the average pol, he turns it to his own account, and he does it with gusto. My guess is that he takes especial pleasure exploiting Washington's lobbyists of uplift. They are the most humorless hinds of all, and nothing could be more entertaining and profitable than using their own canards to enslave them.

Hustling the Good Life

In the late 1950s Joe spent a couple of sad years practicing law on Wall Street, which was quite enough for him. His wife, the former Gertrude Zawacki, apprised him of the amusing grandeur of the New Frontier, whereupon he shook his barristerial chains. He sought out the Kennedy promise, namely: the good life via humbug and the taxing power. Joe has never left Washington. During the Kennedy years when names like Sorenson and Salinger graced the top of the marquee, Joe selflessly and quietly put himself to the task of learning the angles. Practically all the celebrated New Frontiersmen came a cropper, but Joe matured. He kept his nose to the *Zeitgeist*. Today he must be considered Kennedyism's most accomplished and enduring practitioner, always feverishly throwing himself into noble causes, always flattering the *popolo minuto* with heroic guff, and never missing an opportunity to snatch a bit more of their freedom and their loot. Contradictions between his past promises and present posturings never slow him down, and no one seems to mind. Was he not one of those LBJ aides responsible for domestic intelligence operations against civil-rights activists, black militants, and anti-war protestors? The April 17, 1971, *New York Times* confirms it. Did he not shriek and wail with affecting fury over Nixon's hellish intrigues? He did it on the op-ed page of the very *Times*; there and anywhere else he could get a foot in the door.

His has been a life of inconsistencies brazenly and cheerfully ignored. In 1976 our populist president summoned him to redistribute the wealth, regulate the Rockefeller impulse that throbs in us all, and clamp down hard on those robber barons then in league with the devious American Medical Association. During that year Joe had earned $561,215, nearly $500,000 of it from one pharmaceutical company. "We need desperately in this country to redistribute more wealth," Joe has notified the *Christian Science Monitor*, and he knows whereof he remonstrates. In his last year of private practice this interesting man earned more than General Motors chairman Thomas Murphy, the fifteenth highest paid business executive in America. In the eighteen years from 1960 to 1978 he spent scarcely seven practicing law, and then he had but four clients. Nonetheless he amassed a personal fortune in the neighborhood of one million dollars. Still, our president asked him to patrol the provinces of excess profits, exploitative health care, and man's inhumanity to man. These matters he now ponders from his box at Washington Redskins football games with Mr. Art Buchwald, Herblock, and other members of the Washington intelligentsia. This the ancients would call *hilaritas*!

One of Joe's favorite areas for reform is health care, and for years he has bedeviled the health-care tycoons. In 1976 he handed one pharmaceutical company the largest bill for services rendered that company had ever received. Six months later he walloped the health-care crowd once again, declaring to an uneasy assemblage of the American Medical Association: "There is virtually no competition among doctors or among hospitals....there is precious little competition among pharmaceutical companies or among laboratories [whose] research has become big business, with patent monopoly pots of gold at the end of the research rainbow"—pots of gold demanding the professional services of sharp Washington lawyers, let us hasten to add. The docs were discomfited, but they were not surprised. A month earlier Joe had struck at the hospital moguls, urging that it become *malum prohibitum* for hospitals to raise rates by more than nine percent annually. If his suggestion were made law would the consequent loss in hospital services affect Joe? HEW provides. In fact its chief has access to a whole stable of specialists on 24-hour call lest the chief stagger. In 1977 an HEW physician en route to his summer vacation was actually ordered back to Washington to attend to his ailing boss. Joe had been felled by the tragedy of tennis wrist. Hospital costs may indeed be barred from rising more than nine percent annually, but one can be sure that no loss of service will be suffered at Bethesda Naval Hospital or at any other hospitals reserved for government's elite. Our pols and top bureaucrats must be kept in the pink and with minimum delay. Cost can be no object lest they be distracted from improving our condition.

Joe has had to hustle all his days, yet he has shown that the thing can be carried off with *joie de vivre* and brass. No wizened idolater of the Protestant ethic is

(*continued on page 36*)

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Robert A. Scalapino

China, Taiwan, and American Credibility

"Normalizing" relations with the PRC—which means abandoning Taiwan—promises no strategic, political, or economic advantage to the United States. Instead, normalization will disrupt the long-term political balance in Asia and further undermine American credibility throughout the world.

The era of bipolarism remains with us despite attempts to consign it to the past. The United States and the Soviet Union are the only two states with a military-strategic reach that can extend anywhere in the world. Moreover, the Soviet Union has achieved near military equality with the United States, and, in the view of some, is now striving for superiority. Under these conditions, it is understandable that the "Soviet issue" should be uppermost in the minds of those who make American foreign policy. The Soviet Union is the one country today that could wreak great physical damage upon the United States. And since its interests often clash with our own, the idea of a "united front" aligning us with China against the Soviet Union exerts a strong appeal.

Should we pursue a classic "balance of power" policy, joining with the lesser power against the greater one? The advantage supposedly would be to challenge the Soviet Union on two fronts, providing China (in combination with Japan) with the political-strategic capacity to oppose Soviet designs in the East while adding to the strength of NATO in the West. It is also argued that such a policy would insure against any future rapprochement between China and Russia, and thereby prevent the type of threat that loomed large for the Eurasian continent for a brief period after 1949.

What are the costs and risks of such a policy? First, it would inevitably cause American-Soviet relations to deteriorate, and make agreements relating to SALT, for instance, vastly more difficult, if not impossible, to achieve. We might well reenter the so-called "cold war," a war, incidentally, which is not dead but is currently being waged most intensely between China and Russia. Secondly, such a policy would seriously disrupt the long-term political balance in Asia. To understand this fact, one must appreciate three things: the relative weakness of the Soviet Union in Asia; the growing influence of the People's Republic of China; and the precarious position of Japan.

Soviet Weakness in Asia

Unquestionably, the USSR intends to be a major Asian as well as European power, and in the coming decades it will develop Siberia and Central Asia, both economically and militarily. It is now stepping up its military presence in the Pacific-Asian region, and that will certainly continue.

The central question is whether the USSR can translate military power into political influence. If one examines past developments and current trends, the answer is not promising from a Soviet point of view. China up to date has been a debacle for the Russians. Relations with Japan have not been worse since World War II, and no improvement is in sight. Even with North Korea, once a pure client state, relations in recent years have ranged from cool to hostile.

Turning to Southeast Asia, the Russians remain of critical importance to the Vietnamese Communists, and via them, to the Laotian Communists. The reasons are obvious. Soviet aid is the primary source of support for governments in the deepest economic difficulties. Further, a Soviet presence insures at least a temporary buffer against the Chinese—and the Chinese are nearby, not only on the northern border, but also in Cambodia where they serve as the main source of foreign aid. Indochina, in short, is now deeply involved in the Sino-Soviet cold war. Elsewhere in Southeast Asia, Soviet influence is quite minimal.

Despite its growing military power, the Soviet Union remains very foreign to Asia—culturally, politically, and in terms of the economic system it presents. Its diplomacy may improve, but in the past it has been remarkably heavy-handed. The rigidity which has characterized its policies toward Japan, China, and others augurs poorly for expanded or sustained influence. What alliance or special tie consummated by the Soviet Union with a state not contiguous to its borders has long flourished or even survived?

China's Future Role

The leaders of the People's Republic of China have naturally disavowed hegemony in Asia and elsewhere, even as they have accused the Soviet Union and the United States of seeking to control the world. But China also has made it clear that it considers Asia its logical sphere of influence, and even in a period when China has suffered from economic backwardness, military weakness, and political strife, it has vigorously involved itself in Asian affairs.

The cultivation of Japan, including extensive people-to-people diplomacy, has steadily increased and often been effective. The wooing of North Korea has been high on the Chinese agenda, and here, too, the Chinese have scored impressive gains. In Southeast Asia, relations with most of the governments have been normalized—though not at the expense of continuing ties with the

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Communist movements there. It may have startled some to see a picture of Chairman Hua Kuo-feng smiling broadly and shaking hands with the Burmese White Flag Communist leader in the internationally circulated *Peking Review*, even as undying friendship was being pledged to Burmese Premier Ne Win—but China keeps two paths open in Southeast Asia, awaiting events. It has no intention of abandoning these pro-Chinese Communist movements, although it will raise or lower its assistance to them as an appraisal of its own national interests and developments in the region determine.

By now it should be clear that despite (or because of) its weaknesses, the People's Republic of China has considerably more influence in East Asia than does the Soviet Union. Among many Asian leaders, particularly those in Southeast Asia, one finds a combination of fear and respect for the Chinese. They firmly believe that in the long run China is destined to be the major power with the greatest influence in the region; for that reason they want countervailing outside influences to continue. The idea of a Sino-Japanese-American alliance is not in the least appealing.

Japan's Precarious Position

Despite some rhetoric to the contrary, U.S.-Japan relations have deteriorated recently, and serious problems lie ahead. For their part, the Japanese, like most other Asians with whom we have been associated, feel that the United States has not adequately consulted them in matters affecting their vital interests. Nevertheless, the Japanese government remains committed to special ties with the United States, while hoping to improve its relations with both China and the Soviet Union. Japanese leaders have disavowed the concept of "equidistance," even with China and Russia, but it is clear that Tokyo does not want to risk alienating either of the Communist giants by affiliating itself too closely or consistently with the other. The Soviet Union's current position in Japan is weak, due to the northern islands and fisheries issues and a host of other disputes. But despite its hostility to the Soviet Union, Japan has been reluctant to take any action that would suggest alignment with China; hence the difficulties over the anti-hegemony clause in the Sino-Japanese treaty of friendship.

Japan, then, is not interested in a Sino-Japanese-American alliance, which could greatly exacerbate its already troubled relations with the Soviet Union—without improving its security. Rather, in dealing with the PRC and the USSR, Japan hopes that it can separate economics and politics, and thereby participate in the modernization drives of both.

Taking all of these facts into account, I would submit that American interests are best served by a policy that avoids any sustained, predictable tilt toward the People's Republic of China. Even if our policies amounted to no more than a *de facto* alliance with China, the repercussions would generally be adverse not only for us but for most Asians. I hasten to add that this does not rule out certain positive exchanges with China, any more than it should preclude similar steps with Russia. Strategically, however, in our relations with the two Communist states we should decide each issue on its merits, taking into account our interests and those of nations associated with us. We have benefitted greatly from being able to communicate with both the PRC and the USSR during a period when they have not been able to communicate effectively with each other. Alignment, *de jure* or *de facto*, jeopardizes our advantages.

II

Normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China, however, is not alliance, and most of us would agree that if it could be achieved without excessive cost to our interests it should be consummated. Therein lie the issues.

The PRC's three conditions for normalization are straightforward: The United States must break diplomatic relations with the Republic of China on Taiwan; remove all of its military forces; and abrogate the Mutual Security Treaty. Among those who favor meeting these demands, one often hears mention of the so-called Japanese formula—but it should be made clear at the outset that that formula could not possibly work for the United States, as the Japanese themselves are the first to assert. Japan could take the actions it did—namely, break relations with the Republic of China and establish full diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China, while continuing to carry on a wide range of economic and cultural activities with the ROC—precisely because the American defense commitment remained intact. Japan, needless to say, had no security obligations to Taiwan whatsoever after relinquishing its control over the island at the close of World War II. Thus, the critical issue of a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question was not an issue in Sino-Japanese negotiations.

On the other hand, the reasons why the Japanese government does not want the United States to abandon Taiwan are not too difficult to perceive. Not only is the stability of Taiwan of economic importance to Japan, but the independence of Taiwan is of strategic importance as well. If Taiwan were to be incorporated into the People's Republic of China, Peking would find control of the Taiwan Straits essential to its control of Taiwan; and beyond Taiwan its jurisdiction would stretch in various directions into the western Pacific. Already a dispute over control of islands between Okinawa and Taiwan involves Japan and the PRC. The prospect of an expanded China to the south, accompanying the near presence of the Soviet Union in the north—and with the possibility of a troubled Korean peninsula—represents a worrisome picture.

Even if the United States were to relinquish all security obligations to Taiwan, one school of thought holds that Taiwan could survive as an independent entity, hence the security of Northeast Asia would not be threatened. The argument is that the People's Republic of China is neither prepared to take Taiwan by force, nor willing to accept the political costs of such an action, knowing how deeply it would alienate the United States, Japan, and many other states. Further, by doing away with all security commitments, the United States would create a climate whereby the two Chinese governments could negotiate a peaceful settlement and bring an end to the civil war.

The thesis that the PRC would not immediately attack Taiwan is probably correct. Once "the American obstacle" were removed, though, Peking would be forced to fashion a new and more militant policy. Its leaders could no longer rely on the excuse that U.S. presence made progress impossible. In short, our abandonment of Taiwan would put pressure on Peking to "do something."

Various possibilities exist short of full-scale military operations. China could seek to enforce a naval blockade, or to intercept ships flying ROC flags. But the first steps would probably be of an economic and political nature. The economy of Taiwan has been highly successful, but it has also been greatly dependent upon an atmosphere of confidence in Taiwan's political future. The flight of indigenous capital, together with the curtailment of foreign investment, could radically alter the scene, and Peking would have the opportunity to encourage these developments if it saw fit. Indeed, the removal of the American security guarantee might be sufficient.

Politically, Taiwan's situation is equally fragile, and recent American policies have been discouraging to the Taiwan independence movement. The PRC would almost certainly seek to plant its own political movement on the island, using the powerful argument that now that Taiwan has been abandoned by its sole protector, incorporation into the PRC is inescapable, and those who make an early accommodation to Peking will be properly rewarded. Indeed, that appeal has already begun. Note the following from a Fukien radio broadcast to Taiwan in March 1977:

> After assuming office, the new U.S. President, Carter, declared that he would continue to adhere to the Shanghai Communiqué and normalize Sino-U.S. relations. This has created panic within the Chiang gang, which fears it may be abandoned by the U.S. and come to a miserable end like the puppet cliques of Lon Nol and Nguyen Van Thieu.

These words speak eloquently to the prospects for negotiations between Peking and Taiwan. Given the enormous disparity in size

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and power, in the absence of any outside support, and with the position of the PRC permitting of no doubt, Taiwan authorities could negotiate only the terms of their surrender.

Such a situation would scarcely enhance our credibility in Asia or throughout the world, particularly if the denouement even remotely approached the painful events that occurred in Indochina. It is no secret that the disastrous end to the Vietnam war, particularly the collapse of American efforts at "peace with honor," had a profound effect upon all Asians—associates, "neutrals," as well as adversaries. American credibility—the willingness of the United States to maintain its commitments—continues to be questioned, and not merely by former and present allies. Indeed, one of Peking's primary concerns is that the U.S. no longer has the will and capacity to remain a major power in Asia and in the world. To be sure, Peking's litmus-paper test is not Taiwan, but American policies *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. But if the United States unilaterally abandoned Taiwan, this would not only be widely interpreted as presaging a broader withdrawal from Asia—particularly in light of recent Korean policies—but it would confirm some of the Asians' worst suspicions about American reliability. Would this not ultimately affect the decisions made by Peking itself as to whether it should retain or abandon its "balance of power" foreign policy?

III

Chairman Hua Kuo-feng's political report to the 11th Party Congress of the Chinese Communist Party on August 12, 1977, provides a remarkably clear exposition of the Chinese attitude toward the United States, the Soviet Union, and the world in general.

Quoting Lenin, Hua spoke to Sino-American-Soviet relations in the following passage:

> The more powerful enemy [read: the USSR] can be vanquished only by exerting the utmost effort, and most thoroughly, carefully, attentively and skillfully making use without fail of every, even the smallest, "rift" among the enemies [read: the USSR and the U.S.], of every antagonism of interest among the bourgeoisie of the various countries and among the various groups or types of bourgeoisie within the various countries [read: U.S., Japan, and Western Europe], and also by taking advantage of every, even the smallest, opportunity of gaining a mass ally, even though this ally be temporary, vacillating, unstable, unreliable and conditional [read: the United States].

It would be difficult to find a more straightforward and succinct statement of the tactics and strategy of contemporary Chinese foreign policy. But Hua was even more explicit regarding the United States and the Soviet Union in certain other passages of his report:

> Soviet-U.S. contention extends to every corner of the world, but its focus is still Europe.
>
> The Soviet Union and the United States are the source of a new world war, and Soviet social-imperialism in particular presents the greater danger.
>
> The two hegemonic powers, the Soviet Union and the United States, are the biggest international exploiters and oppressors of today and the common enemies of the people of the world. The third world countries suffer the worst oppression and hence put up the strongest resistance; they are the main force combating imperialism, colonialism and hegemonism. The second world countries have a dual character; on the one hand, they oppress, exploit and control the third world countries, and on the other, they are controlled, threatened and bullied by both hegemonic powers in varying degrees. Chairman Mao's thesis differentiating the three worlds gives a correct orientation to the present international struggle and clearly defines the main revolutionary forces, the chief enemies, and the middle forces that can be won over and united, enabling the international proletariat to unite with all the forces that can be united to form the broadest united front in class struggles against the chief enemies on the world arena.

Making due allowances for its ideological cast, this represents a comprehensive presentation of the Chinese view. It should not be regarded as mere rhetoric, since it demonstrably provides the rationale for actual Chinese policies and attitudes—a mix of political culture and national interest as conceived by the leadership. Chinese leaders should be given credit for a degree of honesty and forthrightness that is often denied them. It is frequently said, "They don't really mean it," or "Pay attention not to what they say but what they do." In fact, they do mean it, and in general terms the above words do mesh with current policies. Moreover, PRC foreign policies have not varied with the major political changes on the domestic front in recent years, contrary to the expectations of many Americans and Russians.

To summarize: The PRC holds that the world is divided into three parts: the two superpowers; the second world comprising essentially the national bourgeois states of Western Europe and Japan; and the third world, built around the developing states. It fully identifies with the third world, the former "socialist camp" having been scuttled when the Soviet Union became a "fascist, social-imperialist state," and aspires to play the role of spokesman for the "peasant and proletarian" positions equated with this world.

The superpowers are both primary enemies of "the peoples of the world," but the Soviet Union is the principal threat because it is a rising power, whereas the United States is a declining power. To combat the Soviet Union, it is necessary to build the broadest possible front, one encompassing not only the second and third worlds but also the United States—though we are intended to be only a temporary ally, in the manner of the alliance with Chiang Kai-shek during the Sino-Japanese war.

War is inevitable, and its major locus will be Europe, its principal contestants the United States and the Soviet Union. Adequate preparation, however, may make it possible for the opponents of the Soviet Union to postpone the date of the war, or to win the conflict when it breaks out. Appeasement of Russia can only lead to disaster.

Under this strategic vision, the PRC encourages NATO and applauds an American presence in Europe. It is now also encouraging the rearmament of Japan, and the maintenance of close American-Japanese security ties. Indeed, it favors a strengthening of the American position at points where confrontation with the Soviet Union appears most likely, and where the Chinese strategic reach cannot extend. Thus, there is no objection to our continued presence in the Philippines, or in Diego Garcia.

However, parallel interests stop considerably short of desiring an American presence everywhere, or of being willing to help the United States resolve crucial issues. A tragic error was made in assuming that the PRC would assist the United States in obtaining "peace with honor" in Indochina. As the prospects for Communist victory brightened, Chinese aid to Hanoi increased during the final period of the war. Similarly, it is a mistake to assume that the PRC will compromise on Korea. To the contrary, Peking has signalled in every possible way its determination to stand by Kim Il-sŏng, and its statements on Korea have been unrelentingly hostile to the U.S. position and that of South Korea.

Nor should it be assumed that the PRC is prepared to make significant concessions pertaining to Taiwan. In the months since the advent of the Carter administration, PRC leaders have repeatedly stated that they will *not* renounce the possible use of

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force. On the contrary, they have asserted that force may be necessary if the present attitudes of "the Chiang clique" persist. Nor is there any indication up to now that they would accept the continuance of American military assistance to Taiwan, even if we agreed to abrogate the Mutual Security Treaty. Almost certainly, such aid would be attacked as interference in the internal affairs of another country, particularly if Taiwan had been legally accepted as a province of China. If the aid came indirectly, via a third source, the same charge would be made.

The PRC's position towards Taiwan does not jibe well with its insistence that the people of Timor should be supported in their quest for independence, despite the fact that the Timorese are both ethnically Indonesian and geographically encased in the Indonesian region. Nor is Peking's ardent espousal of independence for Puerto Rico wholly consistent. But consistency is not the hallmark of many foreign policies, and we must assume that in their recent pronouncements on the issue of Taiwan the Chinese mean what they say.

IV

In the face of these problems, and admitting that the United States enjoys greater contact with the PRC than many nations having full diplomatic relations, why has normalization been declared so urgent? In its briefest form, the argument is that if there is no progress, then there will be deterioration.

In this connection, it has been suggested that trade and other forms of economic intercourse can only be advanced in a sustained fashion after normalization. The old lure of 400, now 900, million customers is a powerful one, and unquestionably some increases in trade would follow normalization and the establishment of "most favored nation" treatment. But economic relations between the U.S. and the PRC will not be a major factor in the economy of either nation for the foreseeable future, if ever. We may assume that the PRC will modify but not abandon its doctrine of self-reliance. Investment will be impossible and the problem of China's foreign reserves will remain serious, with her exports relatively limited. Its most logical trading partner will continue to be Japan for a great variety of reasons, starting with proximity and costs. China will diversify its trade in some degree, anxious to avoid the dependence upon a single source that proved so costly in the aftermath of the Sino-Soviet split. From the United States, however, it will seek primarily the very high technology products it cannot get elsewhere, which in some cases will raise the same security problems posed by certain products coveted by the Soviet Union. But once the political-security question has been settled, these products can be sold under present conditions, as indeed, in some cases, is happening.

Far more important is the question of how decisions concerning normalization may affect Sino-Soviet relations. A few years ago, it was argued that if the United States did not normalize relations with the PRC prior to Mao's death, the chances were high that a post-Mao leadership would turn toward rapprochement, or at least a tactical détente, with the Soviet Union. This thesis rested upon three premises: that Mao himself was the chief architect of Sino-American détente; that significant opposition to this policy existed in China, particularly among the military; and that the logic behind a limited tactical détente between China and Russia was sufficiently powerful to carry the day, should normalization falter.

In its timing, at least, that thesis has proven to be incorrect. The post-Mao leadership has been as fiercely anti-Soviet as Mao himself. But the issue persists, partly because, from a Chinese standpoint, there is a logical case to be made for a shift in Sino-Soviet relations. Putting ourselves in the role of a Chinese spokesman for change, the argument could run as follows:

> We do not have to love the Russians, nor to trust them. However, the present level of tension is too high to serve our national interests. We must keep a huge force along a 4,800-mile border, much of it inactive in productive terms during a period when we desperately need semi-skilled and skilled manpower. We are forced to consider rapid military modernization when our first need is to build a solid infrastructure in heavy industry, and approach military modernization more gradually.
>
> Further, the present level of tension has created a torrent of public polemics damaging to both the Soviets and ourselves, and badly disruptive of the international revolutionary movement. Everywhere, we must fight the Russians first in seeking access to that movement. Each of us, moreover, has problems with minority peoples living on our borders, problems exacerbated by this feud.
>
> Finally, current policies make us heavily dependent upon the United States whose will—its capacity to serve as the countervailing force to the Soviet Union—is in grave doubt.

Such an argument would not be submitted on behalf of a restoration of the alliance. Rather, it would be advanced in favor of a reduction of tension—some degree of normalization. It should also be noted that it does not mention, let alone center upon, the issue of Taiwan. To the extent that it involves the United States, it hinges upon the issue of American credibility. Yet despite the element of logic here, the tides are not running in the direction of even a tactical limited détente. Why?

First, it is easy to underestimate the deep emotional and racial antagonisms that affect both societies. In Russia, the specter of "the yellow peril" has a lengthy history, and it is by no means dead. Chinese xenophobia also runs deep, and given the profound cultural differences and recent experiences, it can easily be directed against the Russians.

This alone would not suffice, of course, but there are powerful impersonal forces also at work. Close relations between two major societies living cheek-by-jowl are always difficult to establish and maintain—they usually depend upon a shared perception of threat. While the United States served that purpose in the late 1940s and early 1950s, today it does not. Hence, the *raison d'être* for close ties is gone. The fact that Russia and China claim to share a common ideology further intensifies the struggle, since the issue of heresy, and interference in each other's internal affairs, follows.

Finally, and most important, the Soviet Union and China are two empires moving toward each other at an accelerating rate, with no buffer state system—so critical to European détente—to separate them. Both the USSR and the PRC are seeking to strengthen their frontiers with their own dominant race, and to develop these regions economically and militarily. Yet they are at different stages of development, with radically different cultural heritages, timings of revolution, and, hence, different senses of national interest. As a trading partner, moreover, the Soviet Union has very little to offer the People's Republic of China—both because of historic experience and innate capacity.

Thus, the chances against any meaningful Sino-Soviet détente currently outweigh the chances of its achievement. Among the available options, continued hostility short of war appears the most likely. A Sino-Soviet war has a very low level of probability since both sides are aware of the costs and risks, as well as the impossibility of winning such a war. And a restoration of the old Sino-Soviet alliance can be considered virtually impossible.

It is vitally important to realize, however, that one of the key variables in this picture is American foreign policy, and, specifically, American credibility. When Teng Hsiao-p'ing recently asserted that Secretary Vance had told the Chinese that America's military power was greater than the Soviet Union's, he added, "but we don't believe him." This is but one piece of evidence among many that the Chinese are acutely aware of the fact that their "balance of power" policy depends upon the United States. In appreciating this, I would emphasize that it is neither necessary nor desirable for the United States to reenter the cold war, nor to accept the Chinese contention that an American-Soviet war is inevitable. An important distinction must be made between playing Peking's game of allowing ourselves to be drawn into confrontations with Russia, so that China can sit on the mountaintop and watch the two tigers fight, and maintaining an economic, political, and military posture that assures all states of our will and ability to honor those commitments and policies we believe to be in our interests.

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The final issue concerning the complex question of normalization is whether the problem of Taiwan, if not "settled" now, will breed the circumstances of a future Sino-American war. The argument is that ten to 15 years hence, a militarily sufficient PRC will be prepared to risk confrontation with the United States to "liberate" Taiwan.

In my view, this is a misreading of both the past and the future. If China's developmental problems remain as formidable, and its relations with the Soviet Union as complex, as they are today, it will not be prone to risk war with a nation that for the conceivable future will be vastly superior to it in military and economic terms. Since such a conflict would also antagonize the Japanese, who by that time may be playing a much larger role in China's economic development, it would be the height of folly. Only a miscalculation of U.S. commitments and intentions could lead to conflict. Unfortunately, this risk could arise.

Consider, for a moment, the Shanghai Communiqué, that joint declaration signed at the end of the Nixon visit in August 1972. Two positions were set forth there: the Chinese view that there is but one China, and that this one China includes Taiwan; and the American view that the China-Taiwan question should be settled peacefully. The United States agreed not to challenge the Chinese position—with the meaning of this commitment unclear. The Chinese were silent on the question of peaceful settlement.

Now, the credibility of this document is marred by a patent falsehood, namely, that "all Chinese on both sides of the straits" accept the one-China thesis. If the communiqué had stated that the two governments on both sides of the straits so viewed the matter, that would merely have been a statement of fact. But both the Chinese and American negotiators knew that the statement put into the communiqué was false, since it ignores the large number of Taiwanese and the growing number of mainland Chinese on Taiwan who do not accept this thesis. Thus, our new relation with the PRC was launched on the basis of a deliberately ambiguous and partly false set of statements, presumably because it could not be launched on any other basis.

Ambiguity is not invariably a mistake, but neither is it necessarily helpful in producing and maintaining an understanding. Today, the PRC leaders insist that via the Shanghai Communiqué, the United States has committed itself to the eventual recognition of the People's Republic of China *and* the abandonment of Taiwan. Peking also insists that it has made no commitments to a peaceful settlement, and intends to make none, viewing Taiwan as strictly an internal affair. The United States meets this clarity with continued ambiguity, exploring privately the possibility of some compromise.

The United States thus appears today to be on the defensive, uncertain of its basic principles, and hence, unpredictable. In some circles it is now being asserted that our commitments to Taiwan are not meaningful because the American people would not support involvement in any war to defend Taiwan. If we are to judge the validity of our commitments on the basis of presumed public opinion in a completely abstract situation—in the absence of any incident or clearly perceived threat—no American commitments will seem credible. Yet in the event of crisis, public and official reaction may be quite different. And the danger of miscalculation provides a powerful argument against an ambiguous policy towards Taiwan—since our involvement in both the Korean and Vietnam wars was to a large extent the product of Communist miscalculation, for which we bore considerable responsibility. □

Roger Kaplan

Will the Kremlin Win the French Elections?

On March 12 and 19 the French will choose a new National Assembly. Polls show that as many as 55 percent of the voters still prefer the left. But with the recent breakdown of the Communist-Socialist alliance, this election could prove most interesting for the emergence of a strong center.

February 3, 1978

"Twenty years, enough!" With this slogan, the divided left is sending its candidates into the battle to see who controls the next French National Assembly. The reference is to twenty years of Gaullism, and since the Gaullists are not in power, one could say that what the French have really had twenty years too much of is leftist buffoonery instead of responsible opposition. With the French political fever rising, the Prime Minister, Raymond Barre, is at last taking full cognizance of his duties as political leader—as well as leader of the government—and is sallying forth with a lengthy reforming program (offered at Blois in mid-January), a document so radical that it proposes to give the French people the right of *habeus corpus*. Meanwhile the Communist leader, Georges Marchais, calls the president of the French equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers (*le Patronat*) a murderer because there are some families which cannot afford meat every night. And François Mitterrand intones about the just society.

The major event since March 1977, when the *Union de la Gauche* swept the municipal elections, has been its virtual collapse over the issue of nationalization (at least that is the ostensible issue). The Socialist Party of François Mitterrand and the Movement of Left Radicals of Robert Fabre walked out of a meeting in late September claiming the Communists were asking for too much. Indeed, the PCF had demanded that the "Common Program of Government" be updated. MM. Mitterrand and Fabre claimed it would be inflationary and communistic. It certainly would be, as would the original agreement of 1972 which the Communists signed enthusiastically.

The pity is that M. Mitterrand staked his career on the Common Program and the politics it implied: alliance with the Marxist-Leninist left and its 20 percent of the vote, and, concurrently, assistance in its search for respectability as a democratic party. Now that the PCF, for its own cryptic (or not so cryptic) reasons, is coming out of the Stalinist closet, which really surprises no one other than the outraged leader of the Socialist Party, M. Mitterrand is finding that his whole strategy is worth as much as an old *pissoir*, even though the polls show that as many as 55 percent of the voters still prefer the left. What could dash its lead is this: Because of France's two-round electoral process, a plurality for the left on March 12 could fail to translate into a

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majority of legislative seats on March 19, if leftist voters refused to cast their ballots for Communist candidates standing for the defunct Union. For that matter, now that Comrade Marchais has reneged on the electoral agreement that went with the Common Program, nothing is to keep candidates of all three left parties from standing in the second round (provided they get 12.5 percent in the first) and letting a single conservative breeze in with a plurality.

The left's travails are a vindication of President Giscard d'Estaing's low-key strategy. He refused to believe the Union of the Left would last, and did not let his Prime Minister veer from his anti-inflationary economic policies even in the face of growing unemployment. The conservative (in France this means authoritarian and statist, though not collectivist) ideological banner was instead raised by the Gaullist leader Jacques Chirac. The latter has been sniping at the President with a great deal of energy, though with none of the viciousness that the Communists have applied to M. Mitterrand. He wants reflationary economic policies and the tricolor held high. Unfortunately, this has led to a resurgence of the worst kind of French chauvinism, anti-American bigotry, etc., and the critical issues in this election—such things as the planned economy, the strengthening and enlarging of the European Community, the nuclear deterrent, the relationship with NATO, the role for France in Africa—have not been discussed as well as one would expect by the people who gave us the Enlightenment, the Napoleonic Code, the metric system, and the new philosophy.

It must be said to M. Barre's credit that he has calmly resisted the temptation to any sort of demagogy, patiently explaining his ill-liked economic policies and sternly criticizing employers who have hollered for state aid to avoid going into the red. And M. Chirac's fighting strategy deserves credit, too; for the breakup of the leftist Union is due in part to his tireless insistence, on campaign trips all around the country, that Communists in the government means exactly that, Communists in the government. A majority of Socialist voters agree with him, and forced their party leaders to keep their distance from the Communist Party.

M. Chirac has been playing a bold game since he resigned as Prime Minister in August 1976, revived the Gaullist party as the *Rassemblement pour la République* ("Rally for the Republic": the French are always rallying around something or other, and they always end up with a glass of brandy in the café), and set forth to demonstrate that (as André Malraux too claimed in the early sixties) there is nothing between the Gaullists and the Communists. The whole burden of M. Giscard d'Estaing's strategy, on the contrary, has been that the times have changed and now there is something there: and he is it. As long as M. Mitterrand was held in the Communist alliance by the bullying of his left wing and his own crypto-Marxist phantasmagoria, M. Chirac's argument appeared sound. But with even the Socialist left wing (the CERES group) crying foul at the Communists' naked power grab, the center is acquiring an attraction for many which it did not have before, and there is little doubt that M. Chirac would be well advised to go into the battle as a friendly rival, not an adversary, of the President. The latter is expected soon to appeal to the "majority" to close ranks behind him, accepting M. Barre's political leadership at least for the duration of the campaign; but it does not appear that he will personally enter the fray.

The great enigma of this whole pre-election period has been the behavior of the Communists, who at their party conference in early January accused the Socialists of swerving rightward (that was the nicest thing they said) and invited the populace to look upon the PCF as the only legitimate party of the left. French pols, as a matter of fact, have had a tic about legitimacy since 1789, which is not surprising. They always feel vaguely that they are bastards. The Communists and Socialists are arguing, in effect, about who may legitimately overturn a constitutional society which, if it is still without *habeus corpus*, has the active support of most of its citizens.

A variety of explanations have been offered as to why the Communists seem to be trying to skewer an easy election victory. One is that they simply do not want to share power with the Socialists, certainly not as junior partners. Another is that they foresee a period of economic stagnation no matter who is in power and want no part of the responsibility (hence their attacks on the Socialists as wanting to "manage the capitalist crisis" rather than "change society"). A third is that they are simply doing what their bosses in Moscow are telling them to do. Relations with the Kremlin grew very chilly during the French comrades' awkward "Eurocommunist" phase, and now that they are behaving like themselves again they are once again receiving invitations to spend the weekend in Moscow.

Perhaps most interesting, however, is the idea that the 500,000 Communist militants, rather than a handful of Politburo bosses, are the ones responsible for this astounding reversal of policy. Every time in the past that the PCF has gone "liberal," it has reached a point when suddenly it retreated into hard revolutionary intransigence, and this point has always been just about the time when French voters appeared willing to trust a pluralistic left to lead their country gradually toward social democracy. What the militants cannot accept, in such a situation, is that their party would then become just like any other party, going openly into the market of political ideas, sharing power, losing power, proposing partial solutions to ephemeral problems. On the contrary, the Communists still see their party in the Leninist tradition, with a rigidly vertical and secret chain of command. Their mission is to get all the power and to solve all the problems. M. Marchais prefers to keep his grip on this state within a state than to do something that might break its discipline.

Obviously, the PCF is hoping that the Socialists will not win alone and the disillusioned leftist voters will (next time) return to it so that (the time after that) it may ride into power unburdened by allies with liberal scruples.

However, M. Mitterrand continues to affirm he will govern France under no condition but alone or with his erstwhile allies. The leader of his extreme left wing (the CERES group), Jean-Pierre Chevènement, raps the PCF on the knuckles but roars against what he calls "the new American left," by which he means those leftists such as the "new philosophers" who are adamantly anti-Communist (cf., the notes on the new philosophy by R. Kaplan in *Commentary*, February 1978). He insists with all the energy of a man who knows he is cuckolded but cannot bring himself to admit it that the left can never rule without the PCF, whose practices must be tolerated patiently until it evolves toward democracy; and that France can avoid vassalage to American multinationals only by nationalizing its economy into collectivism, which is exactly what the PCF insists the Socialists must agree to as a condition for renewed cooperation.

Meanwhile, the President has all but directly invited M. Mitterrand to join him in governing France from the left of center. To do this, the Socialist leader would have to ditch his CERES comrades, who control between one-fifth and one-third of the party. This maneuvering has not done anything to improve relations between MM. Giscard d'Estaing and Chirac, and is particularly annoying to the latter, since it prevents them from going into the election as advantageously as he thinks they might.

Confidence that Communist intransigence may push M. Mitterrand away from the aims he has professed for the past decade—aims which M. Chirac refuses to dismiss as election rhetoric—or that he may not win at all was expressed in a poll of leading businessmen taken by *L'Express* late last year. Business itself, however, remains sluggish, and little investment can be expected in the present climate of uncertainty, exacerbated by the recent emergence of Baader-Meinhof-style terror gangs.

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The Communist-led C.G.T. unions are harassing the country with short strikes to warn it of what may happen if the election does not go their way; while Edmund Maire, the leader of the main non-Communist union federation (the C.f.d.t.), threatens serious social conflict, no matter who wins, if major changes in the economy are not made.

* * * * * *

In 1789, the Royalists sat on the right, the Republicans on the left. The juggling for position in this campaign strongly suggests that the French, with their common-sensical habits and their vicious little bigotries, are a resolutely centrist nation, and that only the accidents of their history and the dogmas of their collective mythology place so many of them at so alarming a distance from the center. Perhaps this election will be most interesting for the emergence of a strong center. But if the current situation is altered only slightly, whether to M. Mitterrand's advantage or not, it is a safe bet that the country will continue along its frustrated and frustrating course. □

John P. Sisk

When Love Is Soon Hot, Soon Cold

The signers of the "New Bill of Sexual Rights" are as nervous about sexual matters as were our Puritan Fathers, apparently because they fear that in the end liberation will prove to have served no serious purpose—to have added up only *to pleasure.*

Lovers traditionally have not only tended to agree with old-fashioned metaphysicians and theologians that love makes the world go round, but to feel (such is their passionate fallacy) that their particular love is responsible for the larger cosmic harmonies. The inconstancy of lovers has therefore been a handy symbol for writers who wish to convey their sense that the times are bad times, or that the center of things is coming unglued. Thus Sir Thomas Malory, writing in the fag end of the Middle Ages with the great time of King Arthur already legendary leagues behind him, begins his "Knight of the Cart" with the regret that "in many persons there is no stability." Nowadays, he says, "men cannot love seven nights but that they must have all their desires" and their love is "soon hot, soon cold." But there were better times long ago, "when the old love was not so, for men and women could love together seven years, and no lecherous lust was betwixt them, and then was love truth and faithfulness."

It should be noted that Sir Thomas, having made the wrong political choices, was probably in jail when he wrote this, hence inclined to pessimism, and that his story featured that fated adulterous pair, Lancelot and Guinevere. Nevertheless, his conviction that true love has stability, and by implication, exclusivity, has been a commonplace of our culture, no less fundamental to Dante's *Divine Comedy* than to the text of Hallmark greeting cards. True love, "the marriage of true minds," as Shakespeare puts it in his great one-hundred and sixteenth sonnet, "alters not when it alteration finds"; instead, "it looks on tempests and is never shaken." Long before, St. Paul had said pretty much the same thing to the Corinthians: "There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance." True lovers, like the stoic Marcus Aurelius' wise man, are not whirled about; or if they are quite literally whirled about, as Paolo and Francesca are in the third circle of Dante's hell, they still remain constant.

It is clear enough that in recent years Malory's stability has been identified by many as a prescription for an erotic straitjacket, desirable only insofar as it increases by one the number of available options. In fact, it was so honored in a *Cosmopolitan* article, "Love Is Back In Town" by Walter Meade, that recommends the old-fashioned kind of exclusive commitment to those who are up to it. Much more attuned to the *Cosmopolitan* ethos, however, was Florence King's article, "Brief Encounters." Ms. King takes into account the "ambience of freedom and autonomy that's, frankly, conducive to the casual adventure, provided one is not so hung up on guilt, so compulsive a hoarder, that she instinctively cheats herself out of a perfectly marvellous experience." Ms. King knows that there are still lots of places in America where a woman "can't easily carry on a full affair without risking gossipy neighbors or even community outrage"; nevertheless, for those determined to fulfill their needs a place and a way can be found. At this point one may remember Erica Jong's Isadora Wing and her famous fantasy of unzippered, spontaneous sex with improper strangers, according to which any place is a good place and any way a good way.

But then one does not hope to find Malory's "old love" in the swinging world of *Cosmopolitan*, where men and women together expect to be "soon hot, soon cold" since the alternative is to be soon bored. Unfortunately, it is possible to be so overawed by *Cosmopolitan*'s vital statistics (nearly two million subscribers and God knows how many more actual readers) that one fails to pay sufficient attention to significant correlative developments in less conspicuous publications. Even for humanist-intellectuals quantity has a capacity to assert quality. They are more likely to read *Playboy* or *Esquire* than the *Humanist*; thus the likely thing is that most of them missed, as I did, "The New Bill of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities" when it appeared in the *Humanist* early in 1976. The latter is a serious publication whose editors surely dwell light years away from the anti-hoarding universe of Helen Gurley Brown. One might have expected in them the respect for the past, and therefore for the old love, that characterized the original humanists. Certainly one might have expected a statement that demonstrated some continuity with that distinguished band of humanists who, as Castiglione represents them in *The Courtier*, gathered at the court at Urbino early in the sixteenth century to talk about love and related matters.

Such expectations would have been badly wide of the mark. There appears to be no more stability in this "New Bill" than there is in *Cosmopolitan*, or in *Playboy* or *Hustler*, for that matter. Indeed, it tends to reinforce the sexual ethic of such publications, and for this reason alone deserves close attention.

The ruling conviction of the "New Bill" is that "the boundaries of human sexuality need to be expanded" in the full realization that "until now our bodies have been in bondage to church and

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state," and that in order to achieve "our full potential for joyful expression, we need to adopt the doctrine that actualizing pleasures are among the highest moral goods." The achievement of this objective demands the replacement of archaic and mystery-shrouding taboos with a new objective view of sexuality that will make it possible to see masturbation and premarital, extramarital, and homosexual sex in a new perspective, the determining value of which is the potential for human fulfillment.

It is not possible to read this basically epicurean document without being struck by its high-mindedness (it should be noted that there was no lack of high-mindedness among the ancient Epicureans). In fact, at times its rhetoric is pitched almost as high as that of the old love:

> At this point in our history, we human beings are embarking on a wondrous adventure. For the first time we realize that we own our own bodies.

Compare Shakespeare's sonnet as it employs the same ship-at-sea metaphor to define true love:

> ...it is an ever fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Or compare the poet Shelley as he speaks in "Epipsychidion" of that stability of lovers that resists all the forces of envious time:

> In one another's substance finding food,
> Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
> To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
> Which point to heaven and cannot pass away....

Noteworthy too are the credentials of the 32 signers of the "New Bill." Anna and Robert Francoeur, coauthors of *Hot and Cool Sex*, are among them, as are Lester A. Kirkendall, author of *The New Sexual Revolution*, Helen Colton of the Los Angeles Family Forum, Elizabeth Canfield of the UCLA Student Health and Counseling Services, James W. Prescott of HEW, Robert Rimmer of the Harrad and Premar experiments, and Della and Rustum Roy, coauthors of *Honest Sex*.

Oddly enough, Alex Comfort, the master gourmet of erotic practice, did not sign, and God knows that he is no advocate of compulsive hoarding. Perhaps he was not asked to sign, or perhaps he was put off by the high-minded rhetoric, which has its own capacity to suggest a romantic, and therefore un-Comfortable, stand against the storms of fortune. Also among the nonsigners, but amply present in spirit, is the late Wilhelm Reich, who like Sir Thomas Malory ended up in prison, but not before his orgone energy accumulator had made him the Thomas Edison of the sexual revolution.

Why the Francoeurs signed the "New Bill" is no mystery. According to Robert Rimmer, Robert Francoeur was instrumental in crystalizing the philosophy that went into the Sandstone experience, an experiment in nonhoarding, honest, nonexclusive, and nonromantic sex that not so long ago was located in the Malibu mountains of California—a state, so it is rumored, in which hoarding of any kind is not in favor. The Francoeurs as teachers and writers are generally known for their commitment to a sexual revolution in which the traditional anti-sex ethic will be reversed. In this reversal—writing in the *Futurist*, the Francoeurs do not hesitate to call it a sexual apocalypse—"the old intimate network of blood kinships with its incest and adulterous taboos is already being replaced by the pleasure bond of non- or comarital, non-reproductive relationships." The opposition to this revolution, the historical and traditional Party of Stability, is formidable but by no means insurmountable: Platonic dualism, the Judaic Covenant, the Gnostics, St. Augustine, various Church Fathers, St. Thomas Aquinas, medieval chivalry, the Puritan work ethic, romanticism, Victorianism—to say nothing of such latter-day exponents of the old love as Marabel Morgan, author of *Total Joy*, and George F. Gilder, author of *Sexual Suicide*.

It is interesting—even startling—to note that the sex researchers Masters and Johnson are not only not among the signers but that, despite their emphasis on the pleasure bond, they do not get the Francoeurs' approval. Against them is the fact that they do not see the married couple as "needing outside support and enrichment." Indeed, say the Francoeurs, "In their Victorian reactionary conservatism, Masters and Johnson argue that a healthy committed marriage cannot exist without sexual exclusivity." This leads one to believe that they would have about as much faith in the sexual apocalypse as St. Jerome or Cotton Mather, and that they would be as out of place among the signers as Jimmy Carter.

Another opponent of the hoarding Party of Stability who did not sign the "New Bill" is Lawrence Casler, author of *Is Marriage Necessary?* Casler, like *Cosmopolitan*, the Francoeurs, and George and Nena O'Neill of *Open Marriage*, is willing to allow old-style stable marital commitment the status of an option, contaminated though it is by exclusivity and possessiveness. He is clearly opposed to the over-sacramentalization of sex, which for him is "monaga-mystic" sex. As expressed in traditional marriage, says Casler in the *Humanist*, this kind of sex is responsible "for today's prevailing neurotic climate, with its pervasive insecurity." Casler favors, therefore, permissive matrimony, convinced as he is that "the individual should have the right to unlimited sexual expression, provided only that his behavior does not infringe upon the rights of others." His position is close to that of Della and Rustum Roy, who argue in *Honest Sex* that it is illogical to consider it a sign of great love to be willing to lay down one's life for a friend while refusing to share one's spouse with him.

For Casler, marriage as we have known it is rapidly falling out of favor, since it is widely perceived to have outlived its usefulness and to be doing more harm than good. Rather impressive evidence to the contrary has been presented by the Lionel Tiger and Joseph Shepher study, *Women in the Kibbutz*, and more recently by Mary Jo Bane in *Here To Stay*, in which "here" refers to the nuclear monogamous family pretty much as we have known it. Both books give the same kind of comfort to the Party of Stability that Michael Novak and Karen Lamb-Novak do when they state in *Creative Living* that the family "is a political statement standing in the way of a coming tussle between the lonely individual and the omnivorous state." It is not likely that the Novaks would be put off if their opponents called this the politics of exclusivity and possessiveness, nor is it likely that they would have been asked to sign the "New Bill."

It would be a mistake to say, however, that the opponents of the Party of Stability are against marriage in any shape or form. Like Robert Rimmer, who favors erotic combines of two or three couples who have had the advantage of a Harrad or Premar education, most of them want some version of it as a basis of human bonding. Alex Comfort's books, with their joking implication that they are domestic and culinary but in another key, can be read as marriage manuals provided one accepts his ideal of marriage, which is interestingly close to the group bonding exemplified by the Charles Manson clan. Even swingers are pro-marriage, as Elaine Stanton points out in the *Humanist*. At a time when marriage is under attack on all sides, she says, "swingers have no desire to attack it at all—only expand it and make it better."

This is not true, however, of Steve Ostrow, proprietor-philosopher of New York's fabulous Continental Baths, who came to national attention by way of Tom Burke's piece about him last year in *Rolling Stone*. Though not a signer of the "New Bill," he most likely would have signed it, agreeing with it as he does that our bodies have for too long been in bondage to church and state and about the human need for what the "New Bill" calls "guilt-free, reciprocal pleasure." Ostrow's own term is "promiscuity without guilt," though how promiscuity detached from guilt can remain itself, or even be much fun, is not clear. He is no less convinced than the Francoeurs that we are in the midst of a true sexual revolution and that his own pleasure-actualizing establishment is now revolutionary headquarters. Apparently there is love abundant in the Continental, at least on a rock-bottom biological level ("enough semen has been excreted here," Ostrow claims, "to populate the world to infinity"), but there is little stability,

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especially if it is measured by a traditional stability test in our culture—the concern for children. "Who can afford to have kids?" he asks, and it is clear that he is thinking less about money than about the cost in personal pleasure. On this score he is in agreement with Ellen Peck, founder of the National Organization of Non Parents, who warns in *Viva* that children inhibit freedom, happiness, fulfillment, and spontaneity.

Ostrow and Peck, in fact, suggest a secularized affinity with the Manichees of the early Christian centuries, for whom fornication and adultery were less serious sins than the production of children, since the latter tended to perpetuate the human race's enslavement to matter and history and its estrangement from spirit. Their presence among the signers of the "New Bill" might have helped to call attention to its latent discontent not simply with the old love but with the human condition itself.

The anti-Stability Party tends to be a bit uneasy with the word "love," perhaps out of a feeling that it has become over-identified with our Judaic, Christian, and romantic past. The "New Bill," for instance, prefers to speak of its aims in terms of "psychic growth and ego-enhancement with others." "Growth," which suggests the opposite of hoarding and stability, is the key word here. Ostrow thinks of his Continental as a sexual melting pot, an image which by itself may suggest only escape from ego and a dull homogeneity; more importantly, however, "it has grown full with love." Ellen Peck agrees with Alex Comfort that the best modern sex is nonreproductive to the end of fulfillment and growth. For Casler there is a close connection between personal growth and "pleasant sexual variety." Personal growth, the full realization of the human potential, got top priority at Sandstone no less than at Esalen. The O'Neills' brand of open marriage may, as Rimmer claims, be lacking in structure, but there is no question of its commitment to growth. Ms. Stanton's swingers also grow—how could they not with their "sense of wonder about sex and love"? The Francoeurs want an esthetic and ethic "based on communication, pleasure, friendship, enjoyment, variety and individual growth."

What dominates and structures this Party of Growth, then, is a vegetable metaphor. The Party of Stability, following St. Paul, prefers the metaphor of the body (two in one flesh) and the metaphor of music (the component notes are committed to one another in a unity that is greater than their sum), or its close relation, the metaphor of the dance, with which the last book of Dante's epic ends. The dance implies not only the incorporation of the dancers, each subordinated to the ordered movement, but stability. Thus T.S. Eliot in *Four Quartets*:

> Except for the point, the still point
> There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

When the vegetable metaphor is used in the dispensation of the old love it is likely to be in a context biased for stability. When the doomed King Duncan tells Macbeth that "I have begun to plant thee and will labour/To make thee full of growing," the implication is that this can happen only if the relation between them remains stable. In "To His Coy Mistress" Andrew Marvell speaks of his "vegetable love" growing "Vaster than empires and more slow," but he implies an erotic constancy that would scandalize the variety-pursuing denizens of the Continental Baths and is not at all what the "New Bill" has in mind. Indeed, there is little place in the thought of Dante, Sir Thomas Malory, and Shakespeare for personal growth and fulfillment. This does not mean that people did not grow and become fulfilled in those hoarding times. It is simply that, not yet having had to shoulder the burdens of self-actualization, they got nervous about other things: for instance, about the cultural and political consequences when too many people are soon hot, soon cold.

Since the Party of Growth looks with suspicion upon sexual activities ruled by repressive taboos (a term that in its context covers most of the restrictions associated with the nuclear, monogamous marriage), and since it thinks of taboos as prime factors in the production of stereotyped actions and personalities, it might also be called the Party of Creativity. Hence its tendency to bring sexual liberation in under the esthetic umbrella. It is not hard, for instance, to see that in the thinking of Steve Ostrow there is a close connection between the pleasures of opera, in which he once hoped to distinguish himself, and the polymorphous release of semen. Rimmer's Harrad and Premar educational programs, like the Sandstone and Esalen experiments, are couched in terms of creativity and esthetic transcendence. Masturbation, fornication, homo- and bisexuality can now be as creative as divorce. The Francoeurs even assimilate masturbation to the Socratic injunction "know thyself"—so that one might be led to suspect a cause-and-effect connection between that philosopher's preeminence in self-knowledge and a creatively resolute and prolonged self-pleasuring.

Surprisingly, the "New Bill" does not use the word "creative"; nevertheless, it is suffused throughout with the spirit of creativity. "Our overriding objective," it states in a key passage, "should be to help individuals live balanced and self-actualizing lives." The work of art, especially as understood in modernism with its principled hostility to the established and traditional, is the ruling metaphor here, so that one gets the image of the self as an autonomous enclave indefatigably molded of the pleasured flesh. It is hard, of course, to evoke the image of the work of art without evoking an image of stability, art traditionally being a way of significantly resisting the flow, not going comfortably with it. The "New Bill," in fact, suggests the great romances, for what is at stake is that greater self one may securely become if the imperatives of personal growth and creativity successfully oppose the stereotyping taboos of church and state.

The more extreme members of the hoarding Party of Stability are convinced that the difference between themselves and the Party of Growth is the difference between morality and immorality. Nothing could be further from the truth. What the Party of Stability does not see, wedded as it is to the sin-guilt-confession-new start sequence, is the possibility of doing away with the second term by redefining sin as virtue. The "New Bill" has such an act of redefinition in mind when it

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ranks the self-actualization of pleasures among the highest moral goods. The Francoeurs hope to make the pleasure bond the basis of a pro-sex ethic. All publicists of the Party of Growth are substantially in agreement here—and most of them would surely understand the late Anaïs Nin's remark about the erotica she found it economically necessary to write early in her career: that ultimately it became "a road to sainthood rather than to debauchery." Nothing is clearer than the moral intensity with which Casler attacks the brainwashing that makes it impossible for so many "to adjust to a life in which nonmarital sex is readily available." The Francoeurs even enlist Christ on their side when they suggest that His famous indictment—"He who lusts after a woman in his heart has already committed adultery"—is aimed not at adultery as such but at lustful adultery.

Steve Ostrow depicts his Continental as a soft utopia—"food, drink, laundry, pool, endless dancing, endless sensuality, no strings or obligations, just endless feeling"—and so might seem to belong in Hugh Hefner's camp rather than in that of the ethically austere Party of Growth. Apparently, however, he cannot think of his enterprise apart from his obligation to strive for the political clout that will make it the launching pad for a worldwide salvational program. In the end, then, his experiment in total joy is no less a moral effort than Marabel Morgan's. If the denizens of his planned sybaritic environment, as Tom Burke sees them, appear less like ecstatic sybarites than repetitions of Tennyson's "mild-eyed melancholy Lotus-eaters," it may be because they are oppressed with the moral burden of their pleasures.

Of course, it has never been easy for an American to be a sybarite, regardless of the intensity of his rebellion against what he imagines his Puritan past to have been. One thinks of the familiar advertisement for Salem cigarettes, which features a handsome, clear-eyed young man—the very image of resolute, honest, and creative self-actualization. A cigarette *owes* him enjoyment, he says, and "I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get." Why does this fellow have to be so duty-obsessed, so nervous, about his pleasure? Why can't he simply relax and enjoy his cigarette? The Francoeurs point to an answer. "For three thousand years," they write, "people in western society have been nervous about things sexual." This is true enough, but it would be truer if the last word were omitted. For 3,000 years at least western society has been nervous about everything, and one of the consequences is that our condition is not that of the Marquesan Islanders, whose purely recreational value system the Francoeurs admire.

The Party of Growth does not appear to have escaped this endemic nervousness. At any rate, it is no less [illegible] about sexual matters than were the Fathers of the [illegible] our own Puritan Fathers; and it is nervous, one suspects, not simply because of the possibility that it might fall short of its ideal of self-actualizing sexual liberation, but because of the possibility that the forms of liberation will prove in the end to have served no serious purpose—to have added up *only* to pleasure. Thus Alex Comfort believes that he has the recipe for de-alienating society, while the promoters of Sandstone had the "transcendental purpose of working to improve society by developing new group styles and communities."

There is, then, in the Party of Growth a tense orientation to the future, a necessary assumption that time is not cyclic but linear and upward-moving. Theirs is an effort to reclaim the somewhat discredited myth of progress by transposing it into erotic terms. The sexual pleasure along the way is, like the pleasure the young man gets from his cigarette, a trivial thing unless [illegible]en as serving some grand and even apocalyptic end.

One can see therefore how necessary it is for t[illegible] to favor cool, under-sacramentalized, and nonroma[illegible], lest it end up as much a captive of the paradox of passion as our culture has always been. Our passions press for instant and total satisfaction, promising life fulfilled and time transcended, but in the meantime we never cease to be afraid of the instabilities of passion. In our passions we are at war with time no less than with the memory of past failures in which, reaching for the stars, we have ended up whirled about between hot and cold. Yearning for stability in passion, then, we employ the language of love's hyperbole, so that when the most frivolous sensualists are asked to verbalize their experience they are likely to sound as if, in the words of Shakespeare's sonnet, they are determined to bear it out even to the edge of doom.

This is nowhere more apparent than on the level of celebrity romance as it appears in the tabloids, particularly in the *National Enquirer*—which has little to say about growth and creativity but which is never so happy as when it can depict happy lovers on its front page: actor Peter Lawford, for instance, admitting that the gorgeous legal secretary, Maxine Yates, is the love of his life; Joe Namath discovered to be "the happiest man on earth" because he is in love with the perfect girl, Randi Oakes; or Jaclyn Smith of "Charlie's Angels" confessing that she is "in Seventh Heaven with actor Dennis Cole."

Sir Thomas Malory would have been among the first to recognize that in the celebrity world there is no more stability than there was in the personal love life of Shelley. Here, if anywhere, lovers are soon hot, soon cold. But they clearly aspire to more than that no less than Shelley himself did, as if they realized that in the long run no one remembers the lovers apart from the romance, that so far as lovers are moved by their own pleasure they move toward anonymity, and that their only chance against time, therefore, is to become stabilized in a good story. Not even personal growth is more important than that.

All of which might lead one to wonder if this is not the case with the champions of growth and creativity as well: that it is the story they are really interested in, not the sexually liberated characters who serve its needs in their brief time and then pass on. And the story (it is hard to miss this in the sacred texts of the Party of Growth) is more political than erotic in its ultimate aims, however much it may be cherished by people who have lost confidence in politics as a means to the truly liberated society. Hence the apparent indiscriminateness of the "New Bill": love, or at least fulfilling sexual relationships, must be made available not only to those who already enjoy it abundantly but to incarcerated criminals, to the inmates of senior citizens' homes, and to the physically and mentally handicapped. Love must quite literally conquer all. For such a program the Francoeurs' term "sexual apocalypse" is the right one, especially when the expectation of apocalypse is linked with improved techniques for contraception and abortion, and with what appears to be a propitious collapse in the value system of the Party of Stability. Given such expectations, it is not too much to say, as the Francoeurs do: "In the area of sexual values, we believe our American culture has achieved the stratosphere, if not yet escape velocity."

What is implied here is a romance in which the hero is humankind striving to throw off not only the shackling taboos of Church and State but the leaden weights of history itself. Nor is it without historical precedent, strongly reminiscent as it is of the late 12th-century visionary, Joachim of Floris. Joachim saw the history of human salvation as an inevitable progress through three stages, or "reichs," in the third of which the clerical, proscriptive, and sacramental Church—the Church of the "letter"—would have withered away and there would have been left that plentitude of spirit in which a knowledge of God by direct vision and contemplation would have been possible.

Joachim, to use the language of the "New Bill," saw humankind "embarking on a most wondrous adventure." His was the most apocalyptic of salvation stories, one in which, within two generations, the historical limitations of the human condition were to be utterly overcome. Unfortunately, history with its usual perversity refused to cooperate in its own demise; the expected messianic leader—the *novus dux*—did not appear, and the grand dream dribbled away into underground heresies. But not entirely without effect, as scholars such as Eric Voegelin, Norman Cohn, and Karl Löwith have pointed out. The salvational Joachite paradigm remained imprinted on the western imagination, in time to be filled out in somewhat altered form by medieval Spiritual Libertines and early 17th-century English Ranters, and eventually, in

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thoroughly secularized terms, by Auguste Comte, Karl Marx, and the German fascists—the latter of whom had no difficulty supplying a *novus dux* to preside over their Third and (as they fondly believed) final Reich.

And here, if indeed it is in the Joachite tradition, the Party of Growth has a real problem. It has no charismatic leader to gather together and direct its energies in what Joachim saw as the indispensable climactic battle between the forces of good and evil. In its heart it is too anarchistic, too equalitarian, too committed to self-actualization, too afraid of the elite-forming impulses of the old hoarding, mystifying, and taboo-structured love, to encourage the appearance, let alone the acceptance, of a *novus dux*. It must believe that the forces of change and growth are on its side, as if directed by a hidden hand, so that its wondrous adventure is safe from those hazards that in the past have turned world-altering romance into tragedy or farce. Yet, as the incarcerated Sir Thomas Malory might glumly wonder, what human enterprise made up of men and women soon hot, soon cold, ever managed to avoid being taken over by a *novus dux* possessed by the imperatives of his own grand story? □

Vic Gold

In the Season of Our Roone

Roone Arledge, who has been running the American Broadcasting Company's television sports division since the afternoon Goliath whipped David—with Roone's productions, you see, it's sometimes hard to follow the action—anyway, Roone has now extended his empire to include ABC television news. Just as well; in fact, inevitable. Television news, served up by any of the networks, has always been treated like a game; loose ends about war, politics, crime, and the economy, to be tied into so many compressed packages, like football quarters, halves, and two-minute warnings.

And let's not forget the superstars. No. They, after all, are what most distinguishes television news from print news. The Associated Press, in its dull, laconic way, can tell us *what* is happening...

JERUSALEM, April 14 (AP)—The Second Coming occurred today, according to....

But it remains for television to give the event *meaning*, which, in the jargon of the trade, they call color commentary. Remember Cronkite yammering at the very instant of the first moon landing? I remember his phrase exactly. He said, "*Whooo....*" Walter's forte, understand, is his ability to give dimension to the immeasurable. So he talks.

Television was supposed to give us more than radio, but as it developed, TV, no less than radio, abhors a sound vacuum. To the networks that focus the camera's eye on those events which alter and illuminate our times, silence is anything but golden. They call it "dead air"; and it is in fact considered deadly, the assumption being that the viewer, left to his own inner resources, will doze off between, say, the moment the astronaut's foot touches moondust and the upcoming commercial.

Roone knows this first principle of successful news and special-event production. He understands the importance of keeping the viewer awake not only by incessant sound, but by the incessant shifting video imagery. That is why we never get a 50-yard line seat at a televised football game, but a dozen seats. One looking up the quarterback's molars as he calls signals. Another looking up a pom-pom girl's miniskirt as she does her aerial splits. Yet another at the blimp. And back to the pom-pom girl. Chatter and shifting images: No one does it better than Roone Arledge.

Nor does anyone better understand how the superstar system works. Roone knows that in the world of televent coverage, the *Whoo* is more important than the *What*. David and Goliath is a good match, a little extra riding on the outcome, winner-take-all. But that extra dimension is needed to bring the audience to your channel; which is why Roone gave this sports-manic nation the Caligula's horse of Monday-night commentary. Howard Cosell brings *meaning* to a simple game. He adds dimension:

> And there is David, the fine young lad I was speaking to just before we came on the air. There's a story behind that young man, Frank, how he... but first, a break for our ABC stations around the country, after which we'll return for a between-rounds interview with that wonderful lady, a dear personal friend with whom I had the privilege of having dinner last evening, Ethel Kennedy, the wife of the late....

As a veteran of the Agnew wars against network news I took an oath some years ago never to write another serious word about the small-screen monster. Understand, I was venting spleen about television's distorted news values when Spiro Agnew was a struggling lawyer just out of Baltimore night school. There were, in 1951, the Kefauver anti-crime hearings, so-called, one of the medium's first special events, Estes the Cleanjean Country Boy versus the Mob: a six-week travesty, the primary purpose of which was to launch Cleanjean's 1952 presidential campaign.

Then, a few years later, John F. Kennedy made his mediagenic mark sitting beside John McClellan during the Senate's anti-labor-racketeering hearings, so-called. And again I vented spleen; and again a hell of a lot of good it did.

Finally, there were the Agnew wars; after which, to be frank about it, the issue of television's Evil Eye on the body politic began to pall, in inverse ratio to the rising systolic-diastolic readings of my middle years.

But some fires, I find, are not easily stoked.

True, assaulting television hardly seems worth the effort anymore. Apart from any personal ennui about the subject, it has become a veritable cafeteria of sociopolitical bitching, an area of critical commentary so crowded that one has to stand in line to get a hearing.

Everybody, it seems, is fighting the television news monster these days, to the extent that Koestler may be proven wrong: Will the last battle be between the Communists and the *ex*-Communists, or between CBS-TV and former employees of CBS-TV? Now Paddy Chayefsky, who broke in with the network during the putative "Golden Age" of the medium, wins awards writing screenplays ridiculing television news in terms even Agnew didn't risk. And Daniel Schorr, an erstwhile network demi-superstar, lays into the CBS brass like a convert who learned his catechism from Pat Buchanan.

So what is there to add? Just this:

First, to set the record straight for members of the under-40 generation, let me point out that the medium has not declined in the way Chayefsky would have you believe; because, in truth,

Vic Gold's latest book is PR as in President.

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there was never a "Golden Age" of television—certainly not of television news.

In *Network*, for one example, Chayefsky feeds the myth that once there was a Camelot of small-screen excellence, particularly in the news field. He does this by reverential allusion to the sainted Edward R. Murrow. *Murrow*: the progenitor of Eric Sevareid, one-fourth newsman, three-fourths entertainer, all the sacred cow dung about his being a legend of electronic journalism notwithstanding.

Oh, I remember Murrow. The 30-minute show on Joe McCarthy, yes; and also that opener in "Hunger in America," which won him an Emmy: The scene focused on an infant who, we were told, had died of malnutrition; but who in fact was a victim of premature birth. But malnutrition was the story, and as CBS pointed out, the *essential* truth, apart from such minor factual discrepancies, is that there *are* infants suffering from malnutrition in this country.

Joe McCarthy couldn't have stated the defense much better.

But, of course, that's show biz, and Ed Murrow *was* show biz, from the theatrical arch of his brow to the miasma of cigarette smoke swirling around his head. Nothing wrong with that, but let's not let the Chayefsky-Schorr crowd kid us: From Ed Murrow to Howard Cosell there is a direct, undeviating line of medialogical descent. Television has always been and remains an entertainment, not an information, form. And because Roone Arledge is the best special-event impressario around, I am willing to wager that should the Second Coming be delayed until 1980 or 1981—long enough, that is, for the man to make his presence felt—ABC will be first among the Three Wise Networks to spread the news.

Roone. How apt a name. Aldous Huxley couldn't have done better. *In the Year of Our Ford* was an outrageous pun, but it made its point. Consider now that *In the Season of Our Roone 14*, which is to say, 1963, nearly a decade-and-a-half after the coaxial serpent was stretched coast-to-coast, I sent *National Review* an item based on television's seasonal programming. It was a fairly funny bit, something about Averell Harriman traveling the globe as a western word-slinger, titled *Have Gun, Will Cavil.*

Well, the editors sent it back. But with a nice note: "This may be funny," they assured me, "but we really can't tell. Nobody around here watches television." Can you imagine? Stuffy Buckleys. No. Good old Buckleys. They were the last holdouts. Or are there any others left: cultural *samurai* wandering the jungle islands of what they delude themselves to be pre-coaxial America? Excommunicants by personal choice, out of touch with their neighbors; men and women who don't know the wars are over.

And they are. McLuhan, in his coherent moments, is right (he may even be right in his incoherent moments, but I leave that to Ruth Carter Stapleton and others who listen in tongues). *The wars are over.* The monster has won. Ignore all this idle talk about a decline in the number of sets in use. That's only a temporary aberration. Roone and his fellow Roones will get those sets back in service, tuned in to *Son of Roots*, the David-Goliath rematch, a docudrama on the Resurrection (as a promo for the Second Coming), with one of Roone's prize performers interviewing Magdalene.

Something. You know it, I know it. Sooner or later we must turn the set back on. Even *National Review* concedes the point. No, they still don't *like* television, but they acknowledge its existence. So what if their reviews are damning? In the annals of television reviewing, 98 percent of everything that has been written and said runs to excoriation, damnation, the sick heaves. All beside the point: The Roones couldn't care less whether we *like* television. All that matters is that we *watch* it.

And we do. We will. When Howard or Geraldo or Barbara is asking Magdalene *what went through her mind that morning when she first noticed that the stone had moved*, docudrama or not, we *will* be watching. Goddammit. □

F.S. Manor

Torcello, Isle of Refuge

When winter fogs descend upon the Adriatic, the lagoon of Venice and its attractive islands disappear from view. Fantastic mists drift over the vast expanse of sea that mirrors the gloomy skies, the lagoon and skies seeming an organic whole cocooned by the mist in a strange universe of their own. The color of this melancholy world is a lurid, ashen grey—Ruskin's description—and as one ploughs on a motorboat through the primeval seascape one feels strangely affected, as if one had reached a point at which the past and the future converge in kindred suffering. In winter, this is a scene of soft melancholy, and as one discerns through the mist the red-brick campanile of Torcello, old, lonely, and abandoned, one thinks of a finger—the last finger to have remained in this empty world—pointed to the invisible skies, a gesture at once of anguish, supplication, and despair. We, the children of the twentieth century, know the depth of this anguish: the burning homes; the dead, mutilated and dishonored, lying amidst the rubble of the once familiar streets; the implacable advance of an enemy who knows no mercy.

This indeed was the anguish of the people who built the campanile of Torcello, an island that had offered them refuge because the Huns first, and the Langobards later, did not know how to cross a sea, even the narrow confines of a lagoon. Not unlike the British who during the Second World War were saved from Hitler by the narrow Channel, the inhabitants of Altinum were spared by the waters of the lagoon.

Thirteen hundred years ago, the grey moorland looked as it does this day, and the purple mountain stood as radiantly in the deep distances of evening; but on the line of the horizon, there were strange fires mixed with the light of sunset, and the lament of many human voices mixed with the fretting of the waves on their ridges of sand. The flames rose from the ruins of Altinum; the lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea.

Thus wrote Ruskin in his *The Stones of Venice*, first published in 1853.

Today, Torcello is a deserted island. No human voices are heard of a winter afternoon; only the sound of the Adriatic, lapping monotonously at the shores of honeysuckle and briar, disturbs the peace that the mist has rendered absolute. Occasionally, the shutters of the cathedral, this place of refuge and consolation, flap in the wind, scaring seagulls and rooks that rise in a bedlam of cacophony, like angry spirits roused from the dim past.

When the mist lifts, one can discern, far off, the lights of Venice, the sinking jewel that might not outlast our millennium. And again

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one thinks of Ruskin: "Mother and daughter, you behold them both in their widowhood—Torcello, and Venice."

Torcello indeed was the mother of Venice. It was a vigorous mercantile center of 20,000 inhabitants when Venice still was a collection of refugee huts round the Rialto. Yet Venice, depicted by Tiepolo in 1750 as a worn-out courtesan, her hand on a mangy lion—once the proud emblem of Venetian power—still delights. Torcello only evokes a feeling of melancholy, and perhaps a fear of the unknown future engendered by this encounter with the known past.

In the days of Roman power Torcello was the fashionable watering place of Altinum, a thriving city situated on a branch of Via Emilia—one of the great consular highways that linked Rome with the outposts of the empire—a city with busy ports and a Roman garrison. But the empire decayed and civilized life was destroyed by the barbarians who had been poised beyond the Alps awaiting their chance, as today the Soviet armies are poised beyond the Oder. Fourteen centuries ago the barbarians swept across the barriers left undefended by the demoralized Romans. And today? Do Messrs. Warnke and Mondale ever visit Torcello? Would it speak to them as it speaks to us who knew Hitler?

The Huns destroyed Altinum and left on their way to Rome, and the refugees who had escaped to Torcello soon began to drift back to rebuild their old homes. They resurrected their city until it was the turn of the Langobards to sweep down, on Easter Sunday of 568, from Mt. Matajur. Down came the Langobards, the most cruel of Italy's invaders, putting to fire and sword all in their path. And the people of Altinum again had to take to their boats and sail for Torcello to put the lagoon between them and the barbarian fury.

The cathedral rose then, but when the millennium approached and everybody knew the world would end on the stroke of midnight of December 31, 999, it was thought proper that there should be a dignified place in which these perennial refugees—there had been other invasions in the intervening centuries—could welcome the Messiah. So the old church was rebuilt in great haste around 950, part Byzantine, part Gothic.

There is no splendor here, there are no outside ornaments. The windows are covered with substantial Venetian shutters (*scuri*) which revolve on massive stone hinges opening outward onto the street. The huge rings of stone that answer the double purpose of stanchions and brackets made Ruskin think of an Alpine refuge from a storm, rather than of the cathedral of a populous city. One can still notice the haste with which the cathedral was built, a haste that expressed the terror of men "persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed" (Ruskin again). Yet their terror was joined with hope, a hope that finds its expression in the unusual luminosity of the cathedral—as if the people of Torcello no longer could suffer darkness—and in its lofty dimensions within which Torcello's inhabitants were to witness the greatest of all events: the end of the world.

There is majesty in the luminous spaciousness of the cathedral. And there is poignancy in the life-size mosaic image of the Madonna Theotoka, the Mother of God, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless, a deep sadness in her eyes, firmly fixed upon the congregation below, expressing the endless sorrow of this world—as if she knew of all the disasters yet to befall mankind.

I recall sitting in the empty cathedral at the end of the war, my own personal grief at the loss of my old world draining into the universal *Weltschmerz*, and as I looked up into those knowing mosaic eyes they seemed to come alive, their understanding reflecting my sorrow and that of the destroyed world around me. I thought of graven images and reflected, defiantly, that I was much older—of a lineage that had begun long before the Greeks. But the Madonna continued to gaze at me with her tear-stained face, and that look of boundless compassion has always remained with me, a look expressive at once of the deep sorrow and the sacred courage of men.

The Torcello Madonna is the work of Greek artists, and indeed her features and her slender figure are Greek, but no portrait of the Virgin I saw in Greece is, in my eyes, as beautiful, or so sad. The despair of the men who were building the cathedral—their ancient homes destroyed and their world about to end—a despair alleviated by the hope that they would be among the chosen when St. Michael weighed their souls, inspired the Greek artists who left us this memorial of human spirit, forever soaring from the ashes of destruction to find beauty even in unspeakable tragedy.

On the opposite wall of the cathedral we can study futurology as practiced in the first millennium. A series of mosaic pictures explains in straightforward terms what will happen when the trumpet sounds. (This is as close to Herman Kahn as one can expect it to be over the span of a thousand years. The predictions, as are those of Dr. Kahn, are definite and detailed.) The Huns and other Mongol invaders are seen as being cast into hellfire together with haughty kings and arrogant princes. The hellfire is vividly represented by a red stream resembling a ribbon that descends out from the throne of Christ to envelop the sinners, a stylized Byzantine symbolism that contrasts with the stark naturalism of the Gothic cathedrals. Strangely steatopygous angels, their heads turned back 180 degrees, are blowing trumpets to awaken beasts and bound mummies from the dead; at the end of this particular strip other angels with their trumpets call up the drowned from the deep—an important hope for a seafaring people.

Hell, however, did not seem to arouse much terror among the artists—they and their ancestors had seen worse. The panel of lechers seems almost comic: The old *roué* is depicted as sitting on the flames with an expression of serene detachment; behind him a young lecher, with clearly dishonorable intentions, is approaching a beautiful female ready to respond to his advances, although both are in flames up to their waists. Once you have known the Huns, the Langobards, and the marauding Magyars, there is little left to imagination to frighten you.

As the people of Torcello awaited the New Year of 1000 that they did not expect to see, they confidently looked forward to a new world "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." This, then, is the difference between our millennium and that of Torcello. We, too, doubt whether there will be a New Year's Day of 2000, but no longer find consolation in a faith of hope. Our despair has become cynical, finding its expression not in cathedrals but in collages of repulsive ugliness parading as art.

Perhaps there are no parallels in history and Jacob Burckhardt was right when he taught that we study history not to be shrewder for the next time, but to be wise forever. Yet the picture in the mind's eye of Torcello is painfully familiar, and one knows instinctively that we shall never be wise, let alone shrewd. □

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Whit Stillman

Under the Condor—Part Three

"Canyons" was the image which kept recurring to Jane as she planned her descriptive essay on Manhattan. The car in which she rode, Ben Pasquali's Volvo, was fifty miles northeast of New York, and before getting there Jane wanted to have some firm ideas for her essay. Since her decision the previous month to concentrate her writing in prose, the continued importance of metaphor had surprised her. In "canyons," she knew she had found a particularly strong one, something good enough for the essay's title; and already two possible ones had occurred to her: alternately "Gotham: City of Canyons" and "New York: City of Canyons." The first was more imaginative, but the second, she felt, probably better *as a title*—less subtle and so more accessible to readers.

The time Jane had for pondering these literary distinctions was running out. Her official deadline for turning in the essay was—as set by the Harvard *Advocate*'s prose board—the Monday morning following Thanksgiving, less than five days away. Furthermore, the unofficial deadline she had set herself for completing a major work in prose was then, too. If she failed she had decided to transfer out of English and follow whatever lead the university's aptitude testing service could give her. But she dreaded that.

Under this pressure her sense of perception had been heightened to an almost dangerous extent. The highway before her seemed to extend like a ribbon into the distance, occasionally forming into bows. The weather was seasonal. On the Connecticut Turnpike their speed seemed to slow as Ben pulled into a series of toll stations where various amounts of change had to be paid over. "Like a kind of tribute," Jane thought. After the toll Ben quickly rolled up his window and wordlessly accelerated. Jane could sense his persisting depression. The past week had been one of shattering disappointment for him, and the Connecticut radio station they had tuned in was playing an uninterrupted ten minutes of old songs.

"You know," Jane said, "from one perspective it is disappointing that the first issue of COTTON MATHER'S could not come out in time for Thanksgiving, but looking at it another way, it's possible that the delay will one way or another make it a better magazine when it does appear."

Ben reached out somewhat clumsily with his right hand and flicked off the radio. "You're right that when it does appear it will probably, because of the delay, be a better magazine. But it won't be appearing.

"I haven't told you the whole story of the first issue's delay, and perhaps I'd better. Last Wednesday, exactly a week ago, I drove out to Haverill to the offset firm I had engaged to print the first issue of COTTON MATHER'S. What I proposed was a magazine of eight large-format pages—forty column inches to each page. To the offset firm's manager, Mr. Houghton, I handed over all the material for the issue, but in a few minutes he came back, saying: 'I'm afraid we're a little short on copy.' 'By how much?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'there are nearly seventy inches here.'

"Seventy inches—that meant less than two pages of text. Apparently I had made a serious miscalculation. Standing in the middle of the shop with Mr. Houghton, and several of his employees nearby, it was tremendously humiliating, not so much for me as for the magazine.

"Mr. Houghton must have seen how shaken I was because immediately he said, 'Don't worry, young fellow, this happens all the time.' In fact, he felt that I should go ahead with the first issue anyway and showed me how the full eight pages could be filled out by using public-service advertisements, large 'compliments-of-a-friend' boxes, and subscription notices with especially big coupons. For a moment I seriously considered what he was proposing, I was so anxious to bring the magazine out before Thanksgiving. But that would have meant going against its whole purpose: to demonstrate that a publication could be put out interesting in each of its parts, no matter how small or seemingly routine—masthead, pagination, article titles, everything. If the filler material Mr. Houghton had suggested could have been done in an interesting way, everything would have been fine, but to come up with a novel way to handle each bit of padding could have taken months. The only alternative was to run the ads and the subscription blanks the same old way they have always been run, and that I couldn't do."

Ben slowed the car for another toll stop, silently paying and reaccelerating. In his actual handling of the car, as in his conversation, all Ben's awkwardness disappeared, which was a relief to Jane.

"Driving back to Cambridge," Ben said, "I was in a state of complete depression. My feeling was that bringing out a first issue was crucial for the magazine, but that it seemed doubtful whether it could ever come out. I felt an overwhelming sense of uneasiness, the kind of acute emotional confusion which always seems to end in either an alcoholic binge or great creative productivity. Fortunately for me, it turned out to be the latter. A stream of interesting ideas and notions began to emerge, many of them quite subtle—for instance, a new way for handling second-class mailing information. There were others, too. Some of the ideas were so novel they frankly scared me.

"From the way things were going it began to seem possible that a first issue might be brought out, not before the holiday, but at least soon afterwards. So I decided to calculate exactly how much new material was on hand, in terms of space. The result seemed incredible: All it amounted to was twenty-five column inches, another half page or so. Reexamining the material in search of an explanation, I realized what should have been obvious to me all along—that these were not big-space ideas. In fact, some of the design innovations—such as my proposed margin treatment: not having any—just opened up more space to be filled.

"I finally realized that the whole notion of an entirely interesting magazine was from the beginning impossible. There just aren't three-hundred and twenty interesting column inches out there. What embarrasses me most in retrospect is the tremendous egotism of my assumption that I could accomplish what the greatest magazine editors in history all failed to do—produce a magazine fascinating from start to finish."

To all Ben said Jane listened closely, watching for any indication by which to guage the depth of his disappointment. On one level, her heart went out to him; on another she was concerned that a personal conversation should take up so much of the time she had left to plan her descriptive essay on Manhattan. Whether or not

Whit Stillman works on Park Avenue in New York, but does not live there.

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this thought was kind, she decided for the moment not to consider.

Shortly the ribbon-like highway on which the Volvo rode extended into the opulent Christmas-wrapping of New York. With the expanse of urban landscape spreading before her, Jane searched for, and found, the phrase to characterize it: "a steely, bluish gray." The city, she thought, wore this color like a uniform.

For Jane one of the important attractions of returning home was the opportunity to see her family again. This included Frey and Nini, her older brother and younger sister, and her parents, Mr. H. Barton Repton and Mrs. H. Barton Repton, who was the former Miss Betty Rue. To characterize her parents Jane did not think that one or even more simple descriptive sentences would be adequate. The traditional descriptive sentence typically caught one trait or quality in isolation as a still camera would catch and freeze a single moment in time. The most effective method of representation, Jane felt, was analogous to the fast-cutting technique of advanced filmmakers—the placing of a series of striking images together in rapid succession. Using this approach, she found that it was often enough to settle on a subject for the short, qualifying brushstrokes to be immediately suggested—for instance, her mother: warm...Southern...charming...not efficient...gracious...feminine...attractive...maternal...has accent. Or, in her father's case: hard-working...dedicated...Northern...impersonal...successful at law...masculine...has no accent. This descriptive technique was far more allusive than the old sentence-bound one, but it still did not convey exactly what her parents were like, at least not to her own satisfaction.

The Repton house was actually a nine-room duplex apartment spanning the fifth and sixth floors of 832 Park Avenue, near 77th Street. On Park Avenue all even-numbered buildings are on the western side of the street, giving them eastern exposures and so morning sun. At 9 o'clock on Thanksgiving morning Jane was awakened by the sunlight which flooded her room for fifteen minutes. The room illuminated was like a museum of a young woman's youth and childhood. Covering the walls and bureaus were mementos of American life in the early and middle 1970s, and on an upholstered armchair was a pile of old Steiff stuffed animals, staring dazed and glassy-eyed in every direction.

The first thing which occurred to Jane that morning was that since Ben had dropped her off the previous afternoon she had not come up with a single thought, image, or idea for her descriptive essay on Manhattan. Only four days were left until her deadlines. A kind of creative frenzy seized her. Her emotions a mixture of anxiety and nervousness, she slipped out of her bed and walked over to look out the window at the avenue below. On each side separate traffic corridors extended to the north and south like twin asphalt-colored ribbons. Between them was a raised, enclosed garden area—like an island amidst the traffic lanes. The weather was seasonal. Jane turned away from the window. The rush of images pleased and calmed her, but something was still lacking. Partly she was concerned at the ease with which the images came—maybe it meant that they weren't really first-rate. And maybe there was something superficial about her whole descriptive approach. What her essay cried out for was a central theme or metaphor, but that might jeopardize its spontaneity.

In the Repton apartment all the bedrooms were on the second floor except for her brother Frey's tiny suite—bedroom and bath—sandwiched between the kitchen and the back door. Traditionally this was "maid's room," but during the late 1960s there was a time when, in apartments all over the upper east side, the housekeepers had moved out of these rooms and the elder brothers had moved in. The Reptons had not been immune to this epochal shift. That Frey was now a graduate student in architecture at Princeton partly explained the imaginative arrangement of his room. The bed was raised five feet from the floor, with space underneath for his bureau, chair, and sloping designer's desk. A wall calendar picturing architecturally notable buildings was the sole decoration—the whole effect one of spare modernity.

Jane checked Frey's room that morning to see whether he was back yet from school, but immediately saw that he wasn't. From the kitchen her sister Nini needlessly added, "Frey's not back yet." The smugness of what Nini said—the implication that she knew more than her sister—grated on Jane. For a long while she had wanted to be on better terms with Nini, but her younger sister's resentment had remained a barrier.

If Jane were to characterize Nini—putting aside, for the moment, her present annoyance and traditional sentence structure—she would have used the following terms: young...attractive...feminine...has tendency towards jealousy...a senior at St. Tim's...intelligent...somewhat spoiled...charming in front of company. Her brother Frey she would have described in somewhat different terms: handsome...dedicated...has high standards...brilliant...able to think visually...masculine...not willing to suffer fools gladly. With both her brother and sister Jane shared a common background, and their early years they had all spent together. If pressed, however, she would have admitted that it was to Frey that she felt closer.

Now she joined her sister in the kitchen and together they prepared a lavish Thanksgiving breakfast for the senior Reptons. Their feeling was that for twenty years their parents had done a tremendous amount for them, so that any gesture of gratitude was entirely appropriate.

Mr. Repton was a partner in the prestigious New York law firm Solitary, Poor—but his principal work was as legal counsel, advisor, and friend to the Rockefeller family. The Rockefellers are in some ways almost a dynasty as well as a family, and in their private lexicon each generation carries its own esoteric name: First was the founder, "John D."; second, "Junior"; then his sons, "the Brothers"; next, "the Cousins"; and, finally, "the Second Cousins." Altogether they became "the Family." In particular, Mr. Repton represented the interests of Henry Rockefeller, one of the six Brothers; his wife; and their children who, in Family terms, were part of the Cousins.

When everyone was seated at the dining-room table for breakfast, Mr. Repton put aside his newspaper—the *New York Times*—and said, "What I am going to say I expect each of you to keep in confidence. Otherwise I couldn't tell you. It concerns Lisabetta and, I'm afraid, is quite serious."

Mrs. Repton and her daughters looked at each other with concern, not so much in their eyes, Jane noticed, as in the features around them, such as the eyebrows. Lisabetta was Mr. Rockefeller's daughter, and of all the Cousins, she was the one to whom Jane felt closest. In past summers Lisabetta had often visited the Reptons in Edgartown.

"As you all know, the Rockefellers are a very wealthy family. In this country there is an attitude that rich people lead lives significantly different from other people. America has no hereditary royal family or nobility; instead, there is a widespread belief in egalitarianism. The wealthy, in their freedom from money worries, seem to contradict this, and as a result are bitterly resented by many people and held in excessive awe by others. Some people affect not to care one way or another.

"In addition, there is a resentment of the harsh business methods believed to have been used in the forming of some of the large American fortunes. Because the Rockefeller family is well known for being one of the richest, many people assume that their fortune was built up by sharp practices, too.

"Historians have compounded this problem. I have often gotten the impression from all the historical accounts of the Rockefeller family that the authors are more interested in being critical than fair. The result is that the Rockefellers have become known not for all they've done for others, but simply for being very rich people,

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with the implication that they think they are better than other people. To the average American there is nothing more detestable than a person who both has a lot of money and considers himself better than other people."

"But Lisabetta doesn't feel that way," Jane said.

"That's just the point. If she did feel better than other people, she wouldn't mind them thinking so—their supposition would be accurate. But Lisabetta is a kind and sensitive person. It hurts her that, simply because her last name is Rockefeller, people should hate and resent her. That others should be fawning or deferential because of it is to her just as disturbing.

"The motive of a Rockefeller wanting to change his name should not be hard to understand. Several of the Cousins already have. That's no problem. In fact, for security reasons we consider it almost desirable."

"What's happened to Lisabetta?!" Jane asked with a nearly hysterical tone in her voice.

"Janie, if I didn't feel you could handle this maturely I never would have told you any of it. Maybe I was wrong. Anyway, this is the situation: Lisabetta has decided to drop her family name and take in its place the surname "Sandpiper"—her full name would be "Lisabetta Sandpiper." The surname she has chosen is unusual and, I feel, inappropriate. Right now Lisabetta is quite a troubled girl. I wonder if those smug historians who find it so easy to write in a negative way will ever realize how destructive and hurtful their words have been. Probably not."

The reaction of Mrs. Repton and Nini to what Mr. Repton said was, first, one of worry and sympathy for Lisabetta in her troubles and, second—though this might seem callous—an appreciation of the story simply as an interesting piece of information. Jane's feelings went deeper than that, but her kitchen duties prevented her from following them.

Thanksgiving Dinner was prepared solely by the Reptons. No cook, domestic, housekeeper, or servant assisted them. On the menu were lima beans, mashed potatoes, candied sweet potatoes ("yams" to Mrs. Repton), cranberry sauce and jelly, two gravies (with and without giblets), turkey with oyster dressing in the crop and celery in the cavity, salad, pumpkin and mince pies, fruits and nuts with their coverings still on, and the various courses all capped off by a choice of coffee with or without caffeine. To this meal thirteen diners sat—five Reptons, five relatives from Jane's father's side of the family, and three unrelated guests. Nini suggested that they all hold hands during grace, but Frey put his hands in his pockets, so the circle was left incomplete.

Towards the end of the meal Mr. Repton was called away from the table for a long-distance call. "I'm sorry," he apologized to the assembled party upon his return. "That was Mr. Rockefeller. I'm afraid I've got to go out to Pocantico Hills right away."

When all the guests had left, Frey helped Jane clean up and gave her some advice for her essay. "Don't," he said, "just talk about how tall the buildings are. Out-of-towners, whether they come from London or Los Angeles, always go on about that *ad nauseam*. But as Manhattan natives our perspective is different and quite a bit more sophisticated. We've grown up in the tall buildings, looking down. From our vantage point what's noticeable is not the tallness but the canyon effect."

He asked how Jim Van Blanck was. "Very well," Jane said, and explained about the hospital research project Jim had been conducting on the psychology of sleep and wakefulness.

"When I was in college," Frey said, "the career choice I faced was between architecture on one hand and medicine on the other. But I was always much more interested in architecture so I decided to go with that.

"There's a huge difference, though, in the amount of money doctors and architects make. Before I made my decision Dad mentioned this to me. He said that the economic factor was something I should be aware of."

Jane said: "I think Mom and Dad tend to see economic considerations in different terms than we do because they're members of the generation born before 1925. They were raised in the world of scarcity before the affluent society began around 1950, so for them external concerns—money, high salaries, a large income—are of disproportionate importance. For us worries come more from the inside."

The dinner plates Jane had finished rinsing and putting in the dishwasher now resembled a regiment of gilt-rimmed soldiers standing in close formation. While Frey worked on getting the grease out of the roasting pan, he added another thought on architecture: "To be successful as an architect you have to believe that what you are doing is right and that what everyone else is doing is wrong. I only feel the last part."

Much later that evening, Jane stopped by her parents' room to say goodnight to her mother and, with Mr. Repton not yet back from Pocantico Hills, they got onto the subject of the Rockefellers.

"As a lawyer, advisor, and friend, your father has been very valuable to the Rockefellers, Janie. And he's given them something else that's especially important—social entrée.

"The Reptons are one of this country's old service families. In Mobile my family occupied a similar position, except the term we used there was 'aristocracy.' By our standards, the Rockefellers are *nouveaux riches*. My Daddy wouldn't have wanted them in his home—he didn't approve of the sharp practices they used in their business affairs. But the Rockefellers are great friends of your father, and I have found them all gracious and without a trace of sharpness."

Back in her own room, under the bedcovers before putting out the light, Jane slipped a folded piece of brown paper out of a Com Union hospital envelope. "The results so far," one part of the letter ran, "have been surprising and significant. In the past people looked upon morning simply as the time when their conscious selves woke up; but now we are beginning to see it also as the time when one's dreaming self goes to sleep."

For several moments Jane lingered upon two lines at the very bottom of the letter's page, and then she returned it to the envelope and flicked off the light. Saying the Lord's Prayer she interrupted the usual language to give special thanks for the year, to mention Lisabetta, and to ask "please let things work out between Jim and me." Shortly afterwards her dreaming self woke up.

"What gives me the right to describe things?" Jane asked herself on Friday. It was a question she had difficulty answering. Work on her essay had been going well all morning, so well that it almost made her feel nervous. From the living-room window she was looking down at the twin asphalt ribbons below: They seemed bigger than they had from her room upstairs.

Of course, Jane knew, she had no special "right" to describe things. The images just came to her, filling up page after page in her notebook. But her essay still lacked premises. There was no central thesis. It didn't answer any questions. Those kinds of things did not come easily for her.

Traditionally in western culture great emphasis has been placed on thinking. With that Jane had no quarrel. Her mind simply wasn't oriented that way. But this very inability, she believed, opened to her ways of thought which went deeper than the usual logic-bound ones, or at least to new places. And this explained why she and Lisabetta had become friends.

During the summers of their childhood and early adolescence, Lisabetta had often come to visit the Reptons for a week in Edgartown. One morning in the July of their eleventh year Jane and Lisabetta had gone out to the eastern edge of South Beach to read, loaf, body surf, and lie in the sun, when they noticed a shorebird limping with its right wing outstretched, obviously hurt.

For people whose minds work in the normal way—which is most people—there are three standard reactions to the sight of a bird struggling on the beach. The first and most common reaction is one of great sympathy. A person responding in this way would feel a wave of pity for the bird and want to help it. Typically she might approach the bird but then hesitate when, out of fear, it would frantically try to move away. Stopping to think, she would decide that in causing the bird to flee she was adding to its pain. Even if she could reach the bird safely, she might tell herself, there was

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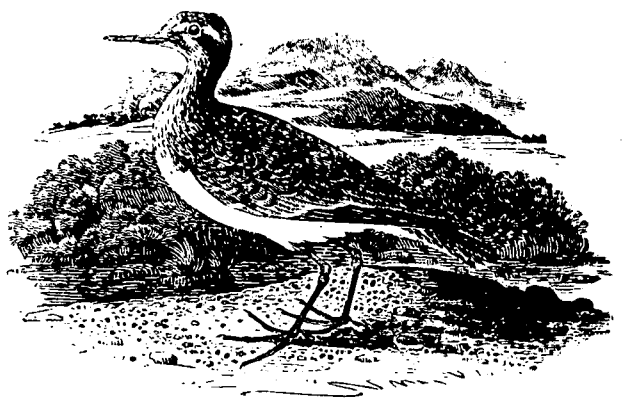
little she could do for it. "I'm no vet," her thought might go. So, reluctantly, she would return to her beach towel, often looking up to see whether the bird was still there and to make sure that no dog approached it. For some time afterwards this person would probably feel sad about what she had seen.

The second typical response is less sensitive. This person would see the bird, and probably feel pity for it, but just walk on by anyway.

The third kind of response, less common than the others, is in some ways quite a dark one. This person would see the bird, approach it directly, pick it up, and, probably in the company of some friends, carry it home. But then in trying to push a cherry bomb down the bird's narrow throat he would cause its neck to snap, inadvertently killing it. This person might afterwards feel regret at what happened, but without much compassion.

In contrast to these reactions, Lisabetta's was one, not of pity, but, rather, of complete identification. She seemed to realize just how it would be to have a hurt wing and be left helpless on a beach crowded with large and not necessarily friendly human beings. She approached the bird directly but carefully, imitating sandpiper mannerisms in an attempt to reassure it. Holding the bird gently, she carried it back to the Reptons' with Jane at her side.

The Repton house was turned into a hospital. A Vineyard Haven vet was consulted to prescribe proper treatment for the bird. Each morning and afternoon Lisabetta and Jane scoured South Beach for sandbugs with which to satisfy the bird's enormous appetite. All day long Lisabetta worked for the bird's recovery, with Jane at her side. To some people her efforts began to seem almost obsessive. In her postcards home she had taken to using sandpiper scratch marks instead of her signature. Finally, on Saturday evening, Jane's parents had insisted that Lisabetta join the rest of the family for dinner at the Harborside Inn. On their return she rushed upstairs to see how the sandpiper was. At the bottom of its pen the bird's lifeless form lay, its neck twisted back nearly 180 degrees. For three hours that night her sobs pierced the stillness of the Edgartown street, and after the sobs stopped she plunged into a period of deep mourning, declining to go sunbathing for the rest of her Vineyard stay. To almost everyone her behavior seemed peculiar, crazy, different, unfamiliar; but to Jane it was completely understandable, though her own grief was not as searing. Neither she nor Lisabetta had minds which worked in the familiar ways.



The passage of time Jane found hard to characterize without falling back upon the old clock-bound way of reckoning it. At 2:30 Friday afternoon she went down town to buy a cocktail dress for that evening's party at the apartment of her roommate, Lisa Devigny. Fifth Avenue, her first destination, sat like an expensive shopping corridor under the unseasonable November sun. In Cambridge the pedestrians had depressed her, but here they seemed well dressed and reasonably happy. However, the negative thought patterns she often had while walking still plagued her on Lexington Avenue.

By 9 p.m., Frey, Nini, and Jane were all ready for the party. Before they left, their father had told them how the situation with Lisabetta stood.

"There are any number of respectable family names that she might consider as an alternative—Plover, Tern, Seagull. Just plain 'Piper' would be perfect. But she seems to have set herself upon being 'Sandpiper.' It seems eccentric to me."

A moment later he added: "Great wealth can be both a burden and an obligation. It can also be a responsibility and an opportunity. For Lisabetta the load has apparently been too great to bear."

At the Devignys' party the guests all seemed extremely well dressed to Jane—many were friends of Lisa's elder brother and sisters, and there was a sprinkling of men in black or white tie and women in evening gowns—evidently they were going to other parties afterwards. Jane sometimes had a difficult time at parties because she was not very good at small talk. But it was a personal deficiency she did not mind so much because, to her, small talk did not seem very important.

By the time Lisa Devigny came up to greet her, Jane had already finished her fourth rum coke. But Lisa said that she had especially wanted to talk to her. "I've had an idea for a fictional short story, but I wouldn't know how to do it myself, so maybe you'd collaborate on it with me. The story would focus on a main character—she'd be a girl in her early teens. My idea is that the teenage girl character would be happy and well-liked by her classmates—in fact, completely well-adjusted to her environment...I don't think a normal girl has ever been treated in fiction before."

Lisa continued talking excitedly about her idea, heedless to the insensitivity and even cruelty of her tone: her thoughtless mocking of the fact that many people—the case of Carson McCullers immediately came to Jane's mind—had childhoods less happy than her own. Jane felt as if she were seeing her roommate's true nature for the first time—the smug teenager inside the body of the twenty-year-old college student.

"What I can't understand," Lisa was saying, "is why this idea never occurred to anyone else previously."

"That's why you're not a writer!" Jane blurted out angrily, and then instantly regretted having done so.

Jane did not actually believe the myth that all writers had unhappy childhoods. She couldn't have believed that—her own childhood had been quite happy. But even her happy childhood had its unhappy moments and, she knew, it was from these that all her impulse to write, to describe things, drew.

When she and Frey left the Devigny party shortly later, Jane could not bring herself to thank their hostess. They walked back along the avenue toward 832, and it was then that the realization that her old friend Lisabetta was in grave trouble first really struck Jane. And she thought of a world full of people who hate other people because of their last name, and people who look down on other people, or don't want to get involved; a world full of smug historians, sharp business practices, boys with cherry bombs, cruel teenagers, and a dead bird lying at the bottom of a pen with its neck turned at a 180-degree angle.

The lights of the lobby of 832 Park Avenue illuminated the tears rolling like droplets of water down Jane's cheeks. She thought of the descriptive essay lying unfinished in her room upstairs, of the snobbish thoughts she had once had about pedestrians in Cambridge, of discarded stuffed animals with no one to love them, and of the burden of carrying a distinguished Old Service Family name.

"To describe is to criticize"—for her this was the most disturbing thought of all. Because to Jane now description was living, and the most devastating criticism of life she dared neither contemplate nor describe.

With Frey behind her she walked into the living room and flung open one of its windows and looked down upon the canyon floor below. In October Jane had decided that the first principle of her life must be just that: to live. Now she added to it a second one: to care. □

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William R. Havender

The "Gauze Curtain" at Harvard Medical School

Why no one knows whether affirmative action has worked at HMS.

Sometime in the next few months the Supreme Court will decide whether the medical school at the University of California at Davis acted unconstitutionally when it denied admission to Allan Bakke, who is white, while accepting certain minority students on the basis of less stringent academic requirements. In as much as the fate of a decade of "affirmative action" hangs in the balance, both sides of the dispute agree that this will be the most important decision on race since the historic *Brown* ruling in 1954. Given this significance one would like to hope, at the very least, that the testimony of various medical-school administrators and university presidents has provided the Supreme Court with an accurate picture of how preferential-admissions policies have worked over the past ten years. Unfortunately, there is reason to think that quite the opposite may be true: for if we can say anything about the controversy over affirmative action, it is that passionate declarations of good intent have been allowed almost completely to displace attention to relevant facts. Consequently, it is by no means certain that those called upon to evaluate the practice of preferential admissions have been able to obtain reliable information.

This is nowhere better illustrated than at another of the nation's medical schools—that at Harvard University. In 1968 the Harvard Medical School adopted an affirmative action policy whereby some 20 percent of admissions were reserved for members of "disadvantaged" minority groups, chiefly blacks and Hispanics. These students were actively recruited from schools that did not usually send many graduates to HMS, and for them the usual admission requirements of high grades and MCAT scores were greatly relaxed. A special minority admissions subcommittee, composed in large part of minority students, was formed to evaluate these applicants, it being plausibly assumed that black students, for example, would be better able than whites to recruit and judge other blacks. Finally, those specially admitted students who developed academic difficulties were given special tutoring, and allowed to repeat courses, or even take a more gradual program.

Now, common sense would advise us of the necessity to monitor carefully the results of such changes to insure that they were in fact achieving their objectives. For instance, one would like to know whether the grades and MCAT scores of minority applicants *were* systematically undervaluing their true academic abilities. One would like to be assured, too, that the remedial programs were indeed successful at overcoming past educational deficits. And one would like to see that these students did acquire the technical knowledge and skills that would allow them safely and responsibly to satisfy the health needs of their communities.

But at Harvard one quickly runs into a swamp of obstacles in trying to answer such questions. First of all, shortly after the start of affirmative action, the grading of students in the pre-clinical years (i.e., in the basic science courses) was abolished in favor of a Pass/Fail system with the odd feature that a Fail was not really a Fail at all but merely a provisional Incomplete: A student who failed a course could be examined as often as necessary to obtain a Pass, with consequent removal from the record of all previous attempts. This was instituted at the behest of students during a general wave of concern for "student rights," but it had the incidental effect of making it impossible to measure the relative performance of the specially admitted students.

Another outcome of this concern for student rights was that grades became privileged information sequestered *even from the teaching faculty*: A professor could no longer obtain the grades of students other than those in the specific courses he was teaching or his own advisees. Not even a faculty committee that might be charged with evaluating the success of the revised admissions policy or the faculty's pedagogical efficacy (with *all* students, not just minority students) could gain access to the records of individual students.

To complete this cycle of frustration, even the scores of HMS students on the National Boards (a set of nationwide exams the results of which are independent of the grading eccentricities of any particular school), which in the past were routinely made available to the faculty, became occult: The administration quietly stopped giving this vital information to the faculty.

Thus, an obscuring veil—a "gauze curtain"—has been drawn between the teaching faculty and the information necessary for evaluating students at HMS. As one professor points out, "We have invested one-fifth of our considerable teaching resources in an experimental program with no reliable feedback on its efficacy. The faculty are being treated as if they were children."

In the absence of hard facts, anecdotes and rumors naturally abound. While there exists, to be sure, a general consensus among the faculty that the affirmative action program has brought in many worthy and capable minority students who would otherwise have been missed, at the same time tales are told privately of as many as one-third of the special admittees failing the National Boards (compared to a pre-special admissions failure rate of about one percent). And accounts are heard of a few such students to whom basic science seems unteachable by any pedagogic technique now known, but who nevertheless are passed along to graduation. These apochrypha, such as they are, suggest that at least *some* of the specially admitted students should not have been matriculated.

Such a mixture—of gratifying successes and worrisome failures—would not be unexpected in the early phase of any new admissions policy. But this mix seems to have persisted wholly unaltered throughout the years—nearly a decade by now—of special admissions. There is not the slightest evidence of a resolute effort to reduce progressively the number of unsuccessful gambles by means of adjusting the admissions process in the light of experience. And it is not difficult to locate one source of the problem. Leon Eisenberg, who was chairman of the Admissions Committee from 1971 to 1975, tells us:

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...most of the minority students admitted...have had grade point averages and MCAT scores little different from those of the "majority" group. Indeed, this has been a subject of continuing debate. Some faculty have argued that it was hardly an affirmation of social responsibility to accept only outstanding students rather than to search out those with the requisite ability *but with limited educational backgrounds*, towards whom the extensive teaching resources of the school might have been directed. Whatever stand should have been taken on this question, it is only a minority of the admitted minority group *who fit the latter description*. We have in no case accepted a student without evidence that she or he had the ability to become good physicians [sic]." [emphasis added]

This can only be read as a guarded, cautious admission that some minority students with questionable academic credentials were deliberately admitted in preference to others with good records—though in the view of the admissions subcommittee there was evidence of "social" merit that justified these preferences.

But many members of the teaching faculty, confronted with the operational results of this policy, have been compelled to view this "evidence" with skepticism. Last year, for example, at least three minority applicants with excellent academic records but middle-class origins were initially *denied* admission while much more poorly prepared minority applicants from the "proper" social background—the ghetto—were being recommended.* Thus, what is so elevatingly called "an affirmation of social responsibility" boils down in practice to setting aside in many cases manifest academic talent in the ranking of minority students *even against each other*; and the "evidence of ability to become a good physician" seems often to take more account of an applicant's "correct" social origin and political perspective than of his demonstrated scientific aptitude.

Now even for this one can envision rationalizations: that minority candidates with splendid academic credentials who come from middle-class or professional rather than ghetto backgrounds do not really "need" to go to HMS since they can easily get in elsewhere; that their fine grades reflect not so much their potential as their social setting; and that they would not be as likely to serve in a ghetto if they did not come from one. Indeed, a sensibly balanced inclusion of such considerations should no more generate academic anomalies than have the other kinds of subjective judgments (of character, motivation, geographic representativeness, etc.) traditionally included in the past. But in light of the seemingly irremediable academic difficulties that some minority students have had after enrolling, the wisdom of such reasoning, pushed as far as it clearly has been in some cases, is seriously open to question. After all, it is difficult to see how rejecting minority applicants with strong technical abilities while accepting others who can barely do the work required to meet even today's eased standards will counteract negative stereotypes or assure minority communities of competent health care in the future.

There are, then, ample grounds for prudent and sympathetic persons to question certain aspects of special admissions as practiced at HMS. But when Bernard Davis, who holds the Adele Lehman Professorship in Bacterial Physiology at HMS, did venture to confess doubts (in a most judicious and courteous editorial in the May 1976 issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*) about the criteria used in special admissions and about the standards used in passing these students along to graduation, the Harvard administration pronounced a curse of anathema ("The views expressed by Dr. Davis are his own and do not reflect those of the Faculty or the administration"—this in a letter from Robert Ebert, Dean of the Medical Faculty at Harvard, to the Deans of 118 of the nation's medical schools†), and then secreted a steady stream of what Norman Mailer calls "factoids"—evasive statements that merely simulate facts. We were told that a representative of the administration was "unable to distinguish between minority and majority students on the basis of their records" (remember that curious grading system that deliberately obscures *all* distinctions, and, also, that it is not the performance of *all* minority students but only of some that is in question). Dean Ebert wrote: "I know of no evidence to support the view that the students at the Harvard Medical School have diminished in quality in recent years" (the matter of concern is, of course, not the *average* but the *minimal* quality of HMS graduates). Alvin Poussaint, Associate Dean of Students at HMS, informed us of the useful fact that "not a single minority group student here has received an M.D. degree without completing the requirements of the Harvard curriculum as designed by the Harvard faculty." (One would certainly hope so! What this cautious phrasing wholly evades is the little matter of the National Board scores, as well as the fact that it is precisely the standards for passing in the Harvard curriculum that were being questioned.) And Derek Bok, President of Harvard, weightily intoned: "On the basis of evidence supplied to me by the Dean's Office and the Registrar, I find no basis for any implication that minority students are less than fully qualified for the M.D. degree in accordance with the normal standards of the Harvard Medical School" (once again, the quality of this "evidence," in light of the grading system, must be questioned; and once again, it is not *all* minority students that are of concern but only some).

In view of the total lack of quantitative evaluation of both pedagogical effectiveness and student competence, it probably does not come as a further surprise that no one knows, either, whether the hypothesized social benefits are being realized or not. No evidence has yet been offered to show that the special admittees do return to the barrios and ghettos and improve the existing level of health care in these communities; nor has anyone, after nearly ten years of special admissions, yet attempted anything as simple as a survey of attitudes among graduating seniors, members of the medical profession, or the public at large to see if any change in stereotypical and prejudicial thinking can be detected, and if so, whether it is in the direction one would wish.

So there seems to be an invincible disdain for facts at work at Harvard, a willful blindness, as though ordinary respect for evidence were reactionary. This obscuring of realities is effected, as we have seen, through a combination of factors: the existence in the first place of a separate, politically tendentious subcommittee controlling minority admissions; a fuzzed grading system; prototypical bureaucratic dissembling and know-nothingism on the part of the Harvard administration; and a sulphurous hostility directed not at correctable defects in the program but at any beam of light that illuminates them. This makes it unusually difficult for an outside party to assess objectively what the affirmative action program has actually achieved. Yet such an assessment is gravely needed, since, as Bernard Davis soberly reminded us in his *NEJM* editorial, "the M.D. degree leads to an unlimited license to make life-and-death judgments." Not to insist on a reasonable level of demonstrated competence in basic science from all of those to whom this degree is awarded, and placidly to ignore such indications as we have of problems in this respect, is to put the public—and in this context, *especially* minority communities—dangerously at risk.

One must take great care not to mistake these remarks as opposing *all* efforts to increase the representation of minorities; it is not a matter here of setting the clock *back* but rather of setting it *right*. For it *is* widely felt among the Harvard faculty that carefully

* Some of these students were subsequently admitted, but only after the outraged intercession of faculty members who had personal knowledge of their credentials and capabilities. Not every applicant, however, was so fortunate in having such forceful backing.

† A detailed account of this is given by J.W. Foster, "Race and Truth at Harvard," the *New Republic*, July 17, 1976.

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targeting recruitment efforts, revising admissions procedures where bias seemed likely, and making remedial instruction available where the lack of previous educational opportunity was the cause of poor performance have succeeded in finding worthy minority candidates; that by uncovering and developing previously overlooked talent, these changes have greatly strengthened the primacy of merit as the just and proper basis for advancement. The particular problems addressed here—the gross displacement of academic considerations in ranking minority applicants *even among themselves*, and the lack of any assessment of the program—seem, in principle at least, readily curable. No more is needed than a spirit of realism that is willing to distinguish those practices included in "affirmative action" that are effective in discovering and nurturing previously neglected talent from those that regard technical proficiency as a lightly disposable detail in the gadarene rush to "social justice."

Failing this spirit of realism, we may easily find ourselves in the predicament of having *intensified* invidious racial stereotypes as well as the health care deficiencies of minority communities precisely by means of our most energetic efforts to abate them. And a not insignificant cognate cost will be the loss of integrity of our most distinguished academic institutions. □

John Nollson

Gibbon's Silent Partner

My investigations into America's Bicentennial continue to yield remarkable historical fruit, even as we now approach the second year after the great event. Seventeen seventy-six was a good year, seeing the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, the *Declaration of Independence*, and *Common Sense*. I have now come into possession of more than 6,000 three-by-five index cards, once the property of Algernon Grynde. One of the forgotten figures of that era, Grynde nonetheless had a hand in the publication of another great work of '76, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Grynde was Edward Gibbon's research assistant and, as my own researches reveal, had much more to do with the great work than literary historians have hitherto supposed.

Indeed, this whole matter of Gibbon's research assistants has been something of a lacuna. No one, so far as I know, has looked into the question of how the Great Man organized, collated, indexed, cited, and otherwise played around with the data and documents of his magisterial work. Grynde's notes and jottings are remarkably instructive on this point. Indeed, it can be said that Grynde's role was such that only an excess of modesty prevented him from claiming coauthorship of the long book.

Grynde, who had gone up to Oxford to read Roman history, had to drop out when funds ran short. He had hoped to sign on with Samuel Johnson and pick up some extra money working on the *Dictionary*. But he was a Whig, and Boswell didn't much care for him. Grynde, who had never had smallpox, was too unblemished for Johnson and his circle.

Grynde received an introduction to Edward Gibbon, who had recently decided to investigate the causes for the collapse of the Roman empire. He agreed to hire Grynde for six months, at a wage of one pound per week.

As Grynde's notes make clear, Gibbon was in well over his head. "Mr. Gibbon shows thorough mastery of the secondary materials," jots Grynde, "but his familiarity with the primary sources is woeful. I have finally figured out why. He doesn't know any Latin."

We find among these remembrances Gibbon's handwritten instructions to his researcher:

3 March 1774

Algernon—find out for me the following:

(1) the Phrygian term for *coitus interruptus*

(2) the Scythian tax lists for the third century, as rendered into contemporary units of account

(3) the name of the inn where Julius Caesar entertained Vercengetorix

(4) the editor at the Roman publishing house which first issued Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic Wars*

(5) sales of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in Roman Britain after the death of Hadrian

(6) the name of Robert Graves' agent who negotiated his contract with Public Television for the production of *I, Claudius*

(7) Who is Theodore Mommsen, and why does he hate me?

(8) What day would it be today if we still used the old calendar? Why?

Algernon also spent a fair amount of time transposing Roman numerals into Arabic ones. This was especially important in grasping the significance of Roman tax collections. Young Grynde deserves credit for designing the first hand-held calculator with an Arabic conversion key (which could be pressed for just this purpose). The machine, which survives, has of course no numbered keys, but just the keys M, D, C, L, X, V, and I. It took me a long time to figure out how it works.

The Grynde notes are, in fact, a gold mine of social history, both late Roman and 18th-century British. We have his detailed calculations of the changes in the rate of illegitimacy in suburban Rome as compared with the figures for the Midlands posited by David Hume. "Mr. Gibbon thinks there is a correlation between illegitimacy and Christianity, and he is trying to get to the bottom of it. In the process, we have come upon the first authenticated copy of a sex manual widely in use among the Gauls. Mr. Gibbon seems utterly fascinated by this aspect of the work, to a degree which Mrs. Gibbon finds trying."

At this point, Grynde's notes are written in Greek, and I can make neither head nor tail of them.

What led to Grynde's resignation from Gibbon's service? Apparently, it had something to do with beef. We find at least a dozen notes to Algernon, requesting that he determine without delay the pre-Roman Belgian term for "chopped meat."

"I find this altogether vexing," Grynde confides, "for everyone knows that chopped meat was not known to the pre-Roman Belgian peoples, the dish having originated in the Germanies, for which we have the testimony of Tacitus Germanicus himself. Even the colonials in Boston and Philadelphia call them hamburgers, for God's sake."

Shortly after this uncharacteristic assertion of exasperation, Grynde left the employ of Mr. Gibbon to take up a position at the publishing house then creating the first edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

We do not know how Gibbon reacted to this decision by young Grynde. Needless to say, Grynde received from the historian neither a mention nor an acknowledgement—nothing, we suspect, but the enduring gratitude of Mrs. Gibbon, who soon came to enjoy the delights of the Gauls which Algernon had unearthed. □

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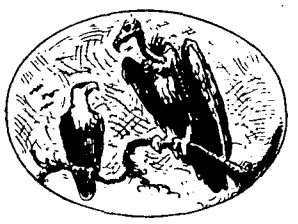
THE NATION'S PULSE
by
Peter J. Rusthoven



Towards a Middle East Peace?

The recent visit to Israel by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, and the ensuing diplomatic and military discussions between Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and their respective underlings, stand out as at once the most dramatic and encouraging news development of the past year. As with many such occurrences, there was a certain chance aspect to all this, disturbing to those who long for greater precision and predictability in the ordering of world affairs. Sadat—perhaps as a mere rhetorical flourish, perhaps as a subtle hint—stated that he would go anywhere in pursuit of a just peace in the Middle East. Begin, criticized both before and after his selection as Prime Minister as a right extremist, promptly invited Sadat to Israel. Sadat as promptly accepted, thereby incurring the wrath of most of his Arab neighbors, and inspiring assassination threats from the worthies of the Palestine Liberation Organization. While the subsequent negotiations between Egyptian and Israeli representatives have been far from serene, and have broken off on more than one occasion, the image of Israeli soldiers playing the national anthem of a visiting Arab head of state is one that will not soon fade from memory.

While almost nothing can accurately be characterized as a historical constant, conflict in the Middle East and war between Jew and Arab come very close. Throughout recorded history, Israel and its neighbors have seldom if ever known a period of prolonged peace. It has been some thirty-two hundred years since Joshua succeeded Moses and fulfilled the mandate of Jehovah by leading the children of Israel into the Promised Land, wreaking havoc on assorted tribes of Canaanites in the process. In the centuries that followed, when not warring among themselves, the Israelites found themselves variously embroiled with Hittites, Philistines, Syrians, Babylonians, and finally Romans. In two thousand years since the birth of Christ, spanning Holy Roman Empires and assorted Crusades, little has changed in the world's longest standing trouble spot.

Specific antagonism between Jew and Arab is, if anything, an even more vintage phenomenon. For hundreds of years before Moses led the great Exodus, Jews labored as slaves of Egyptians. Generations before that, Ishmael, Abraham's son by the concubine and father of the Arabs, quarrelled with Isaac, Abraham's promised child of the covenant from whom the Jewish nation would arise. From that time until this, their respective descendants have continued the tradition.

As a historical matter, then, it is hardly surprising that the Middle East remains the most explosive area of the world. In the thirty years since the United Nations—a considerably different body than the assemblage that bears its name today—endorsed the concept of a Jewish homeland, continuous tension has erupted into outright war no less than four times. For much of this period, the Soviets and the Americans have roughly allied themselves on different sides of the conflict, making the Middle East high on any list of likely locations for an outbreak of direct hostilities between the so-called "superpowers." In no other spot on earth are the differences between neighboring peoples as deep-seated, the animosities as intense, and the threat of war so constantly impending, as in the area occupied by the Israelis and their fellow children of Abraham. And while moral judgments of some confidence are possible with respect to a number of particular individuals and events—the motives of a Muammar Khaddafi, for example, require no anguished reflection—in no other spot on earth are the fundamental historical and moral questions more complex.

It is this last factor which engenders such despair whenever reasonable men reflect on the possibility of a peaceful solution to the difficulties of the Middle East. Competing, often equally compelling, and usually seemingly irreconcilable considerations impinge on virtually every question. In this country, Israel's basic claim to a national homeland has powerful appeal among most sectors of the citizenry, unreconstructed anti-Semites and certain fringes of the new left notwithstanding. No people in history has been as consistently subjected to systematic persecution and discrimination over as long a period of time. Coming as it did on the heels of the most thoroughgoing campaign of genocide in the history of mankind, the UN endorsement of a Jewish homeland after World War II seemed a singularly appropriate, if far from adequate, effort at some form of recompense. For many, including myself, the basic appeal of Zionism is no less powerful today.

Yet it is undeniable that establishment of an Israeli homeland required the use of territory claimed, rightly or not, by people whose own journeys through history have often been marked by travail, and whose sense of ownership of the land in question challenges that of the most ardent Zionist. One should be disgusted, to be sure, that the loudest claim to representation of the Palestinians is put forth by Yassir Arafat and his cowardly thugs, and that the PLO is in turn backed by the Kremlin's murderous philosophers of dialectical materialism. But the underlying claims of the Palestinians, that their interests are shortchanged in the present arrangement and that they have somehow been odd-man-out in the periodic reshufflings of land and power in the Middle East, are no less real for that. And while from this perspective the Palestinians present the most appealing case, the sense of injustice felt by Syrians, Jordanians, Lebanese, Iranians, and the rest is also understandable.

The more specific issues which dominate present discussion are no less intractable. The desire of Egypt and other Arab nations that territory lost to Israel in the 1967 war

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be returned is certainly explicable. Israel's reluctance to accede to this demand is perhaps even more so. Aside from the obvious security implications, for the Arabs to demand the return of land lost in a war in which they were essentially the aggressors must sound more than a little hollow in Israeli ears. Had the late Mr. Nasser and his allies ever fulfilled their oft-stated pledge to "drive Israel into the sea," one need have little doubt that *that* "occupied territory" would never have been returned. At the same time, Israeli settlements in the Sinai unquestionably rankle the Egyptians, suggesting a degree of permanence in the present territorial alignment which no Egyptian or other Arab is prepared to accept. The tangled and conflicting religious, historical, and other claims to Jerusalem seem almost to defy description.

It is precisely because of these factors that Mr. Sadat's visit to Israel comes as such a welcome surprise. No sober observer expects that a permanent peace will come anytime soon as a result of the steps taken by Sadat and Begin: The problems of centuries do not disappear in a few hours of conversation between old enemies. Nor should anyone believe that the problems themselves have become any easier to resolve: In the parlance of game theory, the Middle East is in many ways a zero-sum contest. What Sadat's visit does indicate, however, is that a livable solution short of total conquest by one side or the other may yet be hoped for, and that reasonable individuals on both sides have, for the moment at least, seized center stage. Given the history of the Middle East, this is no mean accomplishment.

The immediate aftermath of Sadat's visit has emphasized another thing as well—namely, just who the reasonable individuals involved in the Middle East are. Mr. Sadat may not, in the final analysis, be blessed with extraordinary vision or intelligence; but given the political and emotional climate bequeathed to him by his flamboyant predecessor, his gesture to Israel stands as an unqualified example of statesmanship, whatever its ultimate success or failure. Mr. Begin, veteran of the most bitter struggles in his nation's long and often lonely battle for survival, stands firmly in the tradition of Israeli leaders who would be willing to compromise much that is disputed if only the sovereignty and security of their nation can be assured. Our own nation, however bumbling its diplomatic efforts in this area may be at times—and I do not dispute that recently they have been very bumbling indeed—has nonetheless revealed again its basic desire that all efforts toward a peaceful settlement be encouraged.

The cynical and self-interested motives of other participants stand out more clearly by contrast. The PLO, darling of the so-called "Third World," has demonstrated its basic disinterest in any solution that does not involve elimination of Israel and the creation of a Palestinian state, regardless of whether an alternative arrangement would benefit the Palestinians themselves. The other Arab nations, perhaps Syria and Libya in particular, have displayed once more their adherence to the doctrine of "drive them into the sea." As for the Russians, it is difficult to see how anyone could fail to perceive their complete lack of interest in any outcome that does not advance their own influence and efforts at domination—interests that are best served by keeping the Middle East in turmoil.

For all that, however, Sadat's visit merits both prayers of thanks and renewed prayer that a just peace may yet be achieved. In thousands of years so little has happened that even hints that the problems of this area can be resolved. One cannot help but hope that this latest and surprisingly encouraging development is at least a small indication from the Almighty that this troubled region, spiritual center to so many who worship Him, may yet receive His most devoutly cherished blessing. [

THE PUBLIC POLICY

by
Kenneth W. Clarkson & Roger E. Meiners

Deflating Unemployment Statistics

Virtually every economic indicator now points to a continuing economic recovery and expansion since the end of the 1974-75 recession. At the same time, we find that the rate of unemployment has failed to drop to expected levels. In response to this the Carter administration has introduced a public jobs program as part of its welfare reform bill. It is unlikely, however, that such a program is either necessary or desirable, since there is an explanation for the persistently high level of unemployment that has largely been ignored by bureaucrats and politicians: namely, that the official reported measures of unemployment are highly inaccurate and generate numbers which are practically useless.

That there are systematic biases in official unemployment statistics is now gaining widespread recognition. For example, the New York regional office of the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics decided last fall to stop publishing its monthly unemployment estimate for New York City because that estimate was no longer considered sufficiently accurate f researchers.

In essence, the high measured rates unemployment in recent years can explained in large part by a new class individuals who either are largely unemployable or have no need or desire to wor but who, in order to qualify for vario welfare benefits, must officially regist for work.* These people previously we not counted as part of the labor force, b

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* Kenneth W. Clarkson and Roger E. Meine *Inflated Unemployment Statistics*, Law a Economics Center, 1977; "Government Stat tics as a Guide to Economic Policy," *Poli Review*, Summer 1977.

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are now included in official unemployment statistics and labelled unemployed.

The welfare recipients who fall into this category receive food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), and the benefits of several other smaller federal assistance programs. Each of these programs has an explicit work registration requirement as a condition of eligibility. By the terms of the 1971 amendment to the Food Stamp Act, certain recipients shall register for employment with state unemployment service offices at the time of application and at least once every six months thereafter. By the terms of the September 1977 amendment to the work requirements, physically and mentally fit persons aged 18 to 60 (formerly 65) must register for work, search for jobs, and accept certain offers of employment, or lose their food-stamp benefits. Exempted from registration are persons participating in the Work Incentive program (a federal training program), parents or caretakers of children under 12 or of an incapacitated person, regular participants in a drug-addiction or alcoholic-treatment program, and others. The registration requirements for AFDC recipients are similar. If a person is registered because of food stamps or AFDC, he would not re-register when becoming eligible for benefits under another program.

Food-stamp and AFDC applicants who have registered for work are used to fill job requests in the same manner that other employment service applicants are processed. Thus, applicants may be called in by the employment service for testing, counseling, referral to job-training programs, etc. Individuals who refuse to register or comply with employment-service directives are no longer eligible for welfare benefits. Since the program's inception, approximately six percent of [redacted] food-stamp registrants have been [redacted] ineligible because of their failure [redacted] with the work registration provisi[redacted]

Work registrants become part of the official unemployment statistics in the same manner as other individuals who are "looking for work." Measured unemployment statistics are provided monthly by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Each month the Bureau of the Census conducts the *Current Population Survey* to determine how many Americans are unemployed. Three criteria determine whether an individual is counted as unemployed: not working; available for work; and looking for work. Since the first two are satisfied by the eligibility requirements of the assistance programs, the key question is whether the registrants are to be counted as "looking for work." In addition to other criteria, the *Interviewer's Reference Manual* for the *Current Population Survey* explicitly states:

> If the respondent is in doubt about what the phrase "looking for work" means, tell him a person is LOOKING FOR WORK if he is trying to get work....Looking for work includes... registration at a public or private employment office....

It is possible, of course, that some food-stamp or AFDC recipients who register for work do not report themselves as unemployed when the canvasser from the Census Bureau asks, but the incentives and pressures militate against such a response. Not only have these people been officially declared to be looking for work by virtue of work registration, but they have been told by one government official that they must actively be seeking work or they will lose their benefits. When another government worker comes to the door and asks them if they *are* actively seeking employment, they would minimize their risks, at no cost, by answering yes. Technically, that would be the correct answer, even if they have no more intention of seeking employment now than they had before being forced to register for work.

The purpose of the work-registration requirement may be sensible: to help able-bodied welfare recipients obtain employment by threatening a loss of benefits. But in practice, even by the admission of the program administrators, the requirement has not been successful. For those who simply do not want to work, it is easy to fulfill the bureaucratic obligations without actually seeking employment. On the other hand, those who do get jobs may have voluntarily yielded their benefits. Hence, the effectiveness of the program is difficult to estimate.

The corrections we have made are straightforward: In each case, the number of active food-stamp and AFDC recipients required to register and seek work is subtracted from both the official unemployment and labor force figures. Thus, in June 1977 there were 2,070,000 individuals registered for work under the food-stamp and AFDC programs. When this number is subtracted from the civilian labor force figure for that month, a corrected labor force figure of 95,480,000 is obtained. Similarly, work registrants are subtracted from the official number of unemployed to obtain a corrected figure of 5,228,000 for June 1977. The corrected unemployment rate of 5.5 percent (5,228,000 divided by 95,480,000) is two percentage points lower than the official unemployment rate of 7.5 percent (7,298,000 divided by 97,550,000).

Because blacks represent a substantial proportion of both food-stamp and AFDC recipients, the effect of the work registration requirement on their unemployment rate is significantly greater. In June 1977, approximately 23 percent of food-stamp recipients and 42 percent of AFDC recipients were black. Consequently, classifying work registrants by race results in a higher relative proportion of minorities who are subject to work registration requirements. Thus, it is not surprising that the corrected unemployment rate for blacks falls nearly six percent—from 15.1 to 9.2—for June 1977, while that for whites falls by less than two percent (from 6.6 to 5.2).

There is a large and growing body of independent evidence that tends to confirm our corrected rates of unemployment. For example, a November 1973 study by the U.S. Department of Agriculture of the

"...brokerage firm reports will never measure up to such serious publications as *Playboy*, or for sportive pleasure to such worthy journals as *The American Spectator*."

—*Barron's*

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food-stamp and food-distribution programs showed that unemployment is considerably higher for those recipients subject to the work registration requirement. The study indicated that the beneficiaries of the two programs were nearly identical with respect to participation in the number of independent welfare programs, overall income, and geographic and social characteristics. However, reported unemployment was considerably higher among blacks who received food stamps, and were thus subject to work registration, than it was among their counterparts in the food-distribution program who were not subject to the work requirements. Unemployment among the former was 31.2 percent; among the latter it was only 22.3 percent. In contrast, unemployment among whites who participated in the food-stamp program was only two percent higher than among whites in the food-distribution program.

Additional support for the thesis that unemployment figures are unrealistic is provided by the figures themselves. In June 1977, 56.4 percent of the adult non-institutional population was employed in the civilian sector. Since 1973, when work registration took effect, that employment rate has been the highest since World War II, except for 1968 when employment was 56.5 percent. The unemployment rate that year was 3.5 percent, or less than half of the reported rate we are expected to believe nine years later—when employment is just as high. The increase in unemployment has also been linked to the amount and duration of unemployment compensation and to the minimum wage. While those factors have increased real unemployment, the increase we are reporting here is simply fictional. Thus, the federal government deals a double blow to employment: It increases real unemployment by various social-welfare programs, and then compounds the problem by reporting inflated unemployment statistics.

Our analysis has revealed two important conclusions. First, overall unemployment rates are biased upward by as much as 4 percent.† Second, unemployment rates ar differentially biased among various popu lation groups. In particular, the rate amon blacks contains a much heavier distortio than that among whites. These finding suggest that before we embark on massiv programs of general expansion or specifi public jobs programs which are likely t increase inflation, a cleaning-up of existin unemployment indicators is in order. W should not, however, expect the gover ment readily to accept this challenge sinc the more than $16 billion worth of existin programs to "reduce" unemployme would be jeopardized. After all, he wh bakes the cake may eat it too.

† It is worth noting that the current artifici increase in unemployment has a historic precedent. Unemployment was seriously ove counted during the Depression. See Micha Darby, "Three-and-a-Half Million U.S. Er ployees Have Been Mislaid: Or, An Explan tion of Unemployment, 1934-1941," *Journal Political Economy*, February 1976.

THE TALKIES
by
David Everitt

Close Encounters and *High Anxiety*

The technical brilliance of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is beyond dispute. With Douglas Trumball in charge of special effects, and a camera crew that includes Vilmos Zsigmond, William Fraker, Douglas Slocombe, and Laszlo Kovacs, it would be unreasonable to expect anything less. The purported dramatic high point, however, is hardly worth all the painstaking technical wonders; and the lengthy prelude to the monumental "close encounter" is a combination of tedium and silliness. Evidently, Steven Spielberg is a much better director than he is a screenwriter. (His last film, *Jaws*, was a thoroughly expert thriller, no doubt due in some degree to the fact that Spielberg did not write it.)

Richard Dreyfuss plays the principal character, an electric company worker who encounters an alien spaceship somewhere near Muncie, Indiana. He becomes obsessed with this experience, in particular with the mental image of a cone-like shape —ultimately revealed to be an image of "Devil's Tower," Wyoming, the site of the final close encounter. Every obvious manifestation of this preoccupation is recorded with a sharp eye for the insignificant, expressing in many scenes what could have been captured in one or two. Yet what lies behind it is never really bothered with. Dreyfuss tries to re-create this mysterious shape while doodling, by modeling his shaving cream, by examining the contours of a ruffled pillowcase. When he gets around to making a pinnacle out of a plate of mashed potatoes at the dinner table, Dreyfuss' usual energy and charm are powerless to carry the scene off. That this is a silly step too far is bad enough, but Spielberg compounds the problem by trying to turn the scene into a plea for pathos, with everyone at the dinner table bursting into tears.

Dreyfuss' supposedly tragic preoccup tion progresses to outright buffoone when he heaves his garden, dirt and a through his kitchen window for t ultimate modeling material. The scene funny enough as a separate piece, but wh it is doing in this picture and why it played with such Laurel-and-Hardy thc oughness is hard to fathom. Spielbe seems to have picked just about any g entertainment that would kill time befc the spectacular climax, regardless whether it fit into any sensible drama scheme. If he could be as surehanded his conception of humans as he is in l handling of monsters and aliens, he wou certainly be a prodigious talent.

As for the final encounter, the stagi and rendering of the giant mother ship a unquestionably impressive, but I fou myself noting this impressiveness with d passion. The spaceship descends maj tically, people stand around and gaj there is a stately exchange betwe

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denizens of different worlds, the spaceship takes off as ceremoniously as it arrived, and all is well in the galaxies. A half hour of this sublime space processional gave me the uncomfortable feeling I was spending the evening in church rather than watching a sci-fi movie.

Simply put, it is boring to watch a spaceship hovering and blinking above an observation platform when it could be doing something interesting like decimating the platform and terrorizing the countryside. To my thinking, zap-gun and laser fights are just about the only good reason for going through all the trouble of simulating space-age mechanisms, just as, as Dwight MacDonald once said, the only good reason for making an ancient Roman spectacular is the opportunity for one or two orgy scenes. Two early sequences in *Close Encounters* are along more traditional science fiction lines and they put Spielberg's uncommon melodramatic skills to good use. Otherwise, all that the technical wizardry succeeds in doing is drawing attention to itself. In a good science-fiction movie, like *Star Wars*, the extraordinary special effects are seemingly effortless and are used as instruments in achieving a larger goal, that of telling an adventure story. Although the *Close Encounters* notion of benign aliens is clearly admirable for its optimism and peace-lovingness, feisty aliens are more entertaining, and much less disappointing.

A good case could be made for Mel Brooks being the funniest man in the country. So it is unfortunate that so little of his comic talent has found its way to the screen. Brooks' recording, "The Two Thousand Year Old Man," his monologue in the short film *The Critic*, and his first full-length film, *The Producers*, rank with any of the great comic achievements. But his subsequent pictures (*Young Frankenstein, Silent Movie*), the ones that seem to have secured most of his current following, have all been feeble exercises compared with his early work. Brooks' newest film, *High Anxiety*, is no exception.

The problem of sustaining comedy for ninety minutes or more without the benefit of a strong plot or character has rarely, if ever, been solved. After several inspired but uneven movies, Woody Allen seems to have realized the importance of some sort of structure, as his wonderfully comic character study, *Annie Hall*, attests. Since *The Producers*, Mel Brooks has followed the reverse pattern: He seems to have forgotten what he originally did so well.

Like *Blazing Saddles, Young Frankenstein*, and *Silent Movie*, Brooks' latest film is a series of gags loosely linked together for the purpose of parodying a familiar movie genre. (The target this time around is the Hitchcock thriller.) Each scene is practically a skit unto itself, and without such distractions as developed personalities and overall logic, the punch lines quickly become mechanical and predictable. Even if all the gags were ingenious, over a long stretch the effect would still probably be tiresome. But when the material is often amateurish and sometimes simply stupid, as in *High Anxiety*, the effect is all the more wearisome. Brooks forces and contrives situations to fit pat punch lines and continually depends upon outrageous shock gags that are neither shocking nor outrageous. At one point he even resorts to having someone blurt out "Bulls--t," presumably for irreverent comic effect. When Steve McQueen said it to Robert Vaughn in *Bullitt*, I can remember there was quite a stir. But that was ten years ago and now that sort of language is about as startling as "Stick 'em up."

The Producers was, and still is, genuinely outrageous, precisely because the antics of Bialystock and Blume always remained within the realm of possibility. The problem with Mel Brooks' new everything-goes comedies is that everything is expected; thus, the anything-for-a-laugh rationale behind the humor of *High Anxiety* is ultimately self-defeating.

Watching *Young Frankenstein* made me wish I was seeing a Universal horror picture. *Silent Movie* made me wish I was watching Buster Keaton. Now Brooks spoofs the master of suspense. Hitchcock is funnier. □

BOOK REVIEW

Once to Every Man: A Memoir

William Sloane Coffin, Jr. / Atheneum / $12.95

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

In the decade that began in the early sixties, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Pastor of the Church of Christ in Yale University, almost daily adorned and enlivened the front pages and the tube. His life was a happy whirl of marches, rallies, demonstrations, teach-ins, press conferences, and TV spectaculars. At the time I said, in a couple of magazine pieces that were rather less admiring than most of his press coverage, that he struck me as a generally good-hearted and engaging fellow, but one not much given to rigorous analysis or hard thinking about hard problems. Nevertheless, I missed him when he left Yale and the spotlight, and not entirely for the same reasons that the Sioux mourned the passing of the buffalo from the range.

Once to Every Man, which will undoubtedly generate a chorus of hosannas and hallelujahs, and also gratifying sales, among the true believers in the Gospel of Uplift, confirms the impression of him that I formed at the time. It contains much that I did not know; I was not personally acquainted with Coffin and knew almost nothing of his private life. It also omits some things that I knew (such as his 1970 observation that the New Haven trial of some Black Panthers for the kidnapping, torture, and murder of a suspected informer was "legally right but morally wrong," which led me to wonder whether he meant that the kidnapping, torture, and murder were legally wrong but morally right), but on the whole it strikes me as a reasonably frank and accurate portrait of William Sloane Coffin, Jr., a subject to which the author has evidently devoted a great deal of attention. Like the vast majority of autobiographers, he doesn't give himself any the worst of it—as he says, "there was no point in being too harsh on oneself"—but he is as honest as most and more so than many.

His virtues, which are of the heart, and his weaknesses (I will not say "vices"), which are mainly of the head, can be shortly summarized. The former include physical courage, energy, humanity, frankness, and friendliness. The most salient of the latter are vanity, intellectual laziness and its corollary—a lack of skepticism, self-righteousness (particularly in his later years), and a deficient sense of humor. His carelessness about a number of minor facts is symptomatic of his approach to serious issues of fact. Thus, the handles of George Patton's famous revolvers were of pearl, not silver; the replacement depot to which he was sent in World War II was at Lichfield, not "Litchfield"; Byron White was the Deputy Attorney General, not an Assistant Attorney General, under Robert Kennedy; Eugene V. Rostow was Under Secretary of State, not Assistant Secretary. Criticizing Abraham Lincoln because "he was more committed to political union than

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to the loftier goal of emancipation" suggests a very inadequate understanding of both Lincoln and the Civil War. In the first place, the Constitution commanded Lincoln to save the Union, but left emancipation to his and the people's conscience; still more importantly, the slaves could not possibly have been freed if the Union had not been saved. Nor are the problems of Vietnam thoroughly analyzed by the simple, dogmatic, and dubious assertion that the United States had no "moral right to intervene massively and unilaterally in the civil affairs of South Vietnam and [no] legal right to bomb North Vietnam without so much as a declaration of war." Complexities are not for Coffin. Neither are shades of gray; it is simply wrong to equate the CIA, even at its worst, with the KGB, as he regularly does.

Perhaps because the qualities that distinguish the Reverend Mr. Coffin are more attractive in a young man than in one of riper years, I liked best the early chapters, dealing with his life, his adventures in the Army and the CIA, and his amours, up to the age of about 30. There is much in these pages of the young Coffin's passion for athletics, foreign languages and countries, and especially music. (He intended to be a concert pianist and perhaps might really have become one; he quotes verbatim and from memory a great many glowing and unreserved oral tributes paid him by various maestri.) But it may be significant that there is not much about ideas and books, other than Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski, of whom his reading seems to have been largely a by-product of his interests in Russian and (in the latter case) religion.

There may also be some significance in the fact that Coffin was a rich kid, a genuine member of the American upper class. I was neither—at best (or worst) I was a member of what George Orwell, describing his own background, called "the lower upper middle class"—but I knew and was intrigued by several specimens of the breed. It did not occur to me to envy them, any more than a cat curses its fate because it is not a lion, but as exotics they and their habits interested me greatly. Coffin, on the other hand, does not seem much interested in common, vulgar, everyday Americans—Legionnaires, hard hats, insurance salesmen, cops, low- and middle-level corporate executives—and he certainly shows very little understanding of them and their often conventional or conservative beliefs. What he calls "the thinking public" is limited to members of the Peace Movement.

There is also a good deal about the noble and self-sacrificing things that, for various reasons, some beyond his control, he never gets around to doing. His role in the Army and the CIA was to train other men for danger and death. That was not his fault; I have no doubt that, if he had been given the chance, he would have been a gallant combat officer. (He did not need, and should have resisted the prompting of his vanity, to make the point by quoting General Eisenhower's praise of the aggressive way in which he trained infantry replacements in France.) I find less convincing his reasons for giving up, in order to accept the chaplaincy at Andover, then at Williams, and finally at Yale, his purpose of ministering to a slum parish. (But it was probably just as well; something tells me that the black faithful might have preferred their own pastors and their own brand of Christianity.) In fact, considering his frequently expressed contempt for things material, Coffin seems to have had his share, or more, of amenities like summer cottages at Squam Lake and islands off the coast of Maine. Similarly, when he set out to get himself jailed for counseling resistance to the draft, and Nero (in the unlikely person of Ramsey Clark) tried to throw him to the lions, he seems to have been rather easily persuaded to plead Not Guilty and let his lawyers get him off. Once they had done so, he deplored their basing the defense on legal rather than political issues, thus depriving him of an opportunity to deliver

some stirring anti-war sermons from the witness stand, and complained, with more justice, of the fees they charged. (Arthur Goldberg's $25,000 for arguing his appeal was probably a special cut-rate, but Goldberg's discount prices are like a sale at Cartier's.)

The traits that marked his youth persisted and grew stronger in middle age. His major activities in his thirties and forties were, of course, his civil-rights and Vietnam crusades. The laws of statistical probability suggest that one who acts largely on the basis of intuition, impulse, and emotion will be right about as often as he is wrong. Although he claims religious conviction as a basis for most of his controversial actions, it is not easy for a reader (especially one who, like me, has been an agnostic since infancy) to figure out just what his religion is; he keeps using such phrases as "in touch with a deeper reality" and "religious truths [are] probably apprehended on a deeper level than they [are] comprehended." Certainly he is not an atheist, nor even an agnostic, and equally certainly he is not, though nominally a Presbyterian, an orthodox Calvinist or an orthodox Christian of any variety. His statement that he "came to realize that the belief that Christ is Godlike is less important than the belief that God is Christlike" leaves me in the dark as to his belief in the divinity of Christ. I find his grapplings with the insoluble (at least for Christians problem of evil no more enlightening tha those of other theologians. The nature o his strong but fuzzy religious belief woul not matter, of course, were it not for th fact that he is, after all, an ordained clergy man, franchised to counsel believin Christians on spiritual matters. If doctrin is so unimportant to him, *Que diable alla —il faire dans cette galère*? I suspect tha he took to Holy Orders largely becaus they gave him so good a platform fro which to preach his version of morality.

Coffin, following his emotions, was rig about the civil rights of blacks, although am not sure that the tactics he and hi friends adopted did as much to prom that cause as did those of quieter peopl In particular, I think he was wrong abo civil disobedience. That issue was n prominent in the civil-rights campaig which rarely involved any violation c constitutional laws. But the idea that co science may justify the violation of const tutional laws played a much larger part i the anti-war movement. *Facile descensu Averno*, and there was a short and slipper slope from such harmless theatricals a burning draft cards to "trashing," arso violent interference with the freedom c speech of supporters of the war, and eve bombing and murder. As Coffin came t realize, rather late in the day, "the peac movement was no longer peaceful." Coffi himself never advocated violence, but h has few harsh words for those who did. H seems to have thought that all his fello evangelists, including even the likes c Daniel Berrigan, were gentle, thoughtfu and scholarly humanitarians. Many c them were, but many were not. I ca testify from personal experience that som of the people whom he regards so affe tionately commonly preferred perso abuse to reasoned argument and often dis played little concern for the legal rights c people so benighted as to disagree wit them.

His emotions and intuitions served hi better in the civil-rights movement tha they did in the much more complex an doubtful problem of Vietnam, where ther were at least two sides to every questio On strictly prudential grounds, a ratio man might have concluded, as many di that no national interest of the Unite States justified wading into the morass (The hawks were quite as irrational an quite as "moral" as the doves, for the saw the American involvement as a effort, like the "police action" in Korea, t prevent a totalitarian regime from takin over a somewhat less totalitarian neighbo by brute force.) But such reasons fo opposing the Kennedy and Johnson pol cies in Indochina had little to do wit justice or morality and certainly did n require a friendly view of North Vietnam Coffin sincerely detests the Russian variet of Communism, of which he saw a goo deal as an Army liaison officer immediatel after World War II and thereafter as a CI

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agent. Indeed, he claims that his belief that conscience may justify disobedience of constitutional laws or lawful orders had its genesis in 1946, when he participated in the forcible return to Soviet control—which meant torture, death, or, at best, years in concentration camps—of several thousand Russian defectors who had been captured fighting for the Germans. Another lesson he might have drawn from this traumatic experience is that good conscience does not command active and enthusiastic efforts to bring about the abandonment of millions of unwilling people to a regime which we knew then, and know even better today, to be quite as brutal as Stalin's. (The Cambodian Communist state seems actually to be *more* murderous. Coffin has precisely nothing to say about events in any part of Indochina since 1975.)

He dimly perceives the dilemma and attempts to resolve it, first, by portraying the rulers of North Vietnam as patriotic, courteous, reasonable, patient, and humane (he has a good deal to say about the criminality of American actions in Vietnam, but nothing about the numerous massacres and other violations of international law committed by the North Vietnamese), and, second, by arguing that the United States refused to negotiate a reasonable compromise settlement of the war. The former excuse is largely based on a guided tour of Hanoi, in the course of which he seems to have believed whatever he was told (including the Prime Minister's statements that there would be "no reprisals" in South Vietnam and that there would be an "interim government of national concord"), never asked any embarrassing questions, and never asked to see what his hosts did not choose to show him. The idea that a negotiated compromise was possible is simply a delusion, though it was probably shared by Kennedy and Johnson, if not by Nixon. It was obvious then, and is still more so today, that North Vietnam would never accept anything less than the total subjugation of the South. They were willing to palaver in Paris, so long as that seemed likely to persuade the United States to withdraw, but that was all. I can see no reason for Coffin's readiness to believe, and even participate in the staging of, North Vietnamese propaganda, when he would never have done as much for Stalin or even Khrushchev or Brezhnev, except his extraordinary ability to believe what he wants to believe.

The future course of the Reverend Mr. Coffin's evangelism is not entirely clear. "The vision of a just and global future," apparently to be organized by such as Ramsey Clark and Cora Weiss and, of course, himself, "beckons insistently." He left Yale, fearing that it was too much of a "safe haven," but again the slum parish eluded him. Duty has called him to an even snugger harbor, the cure of souls at the Riverside Memorial Church. There he can be counted on to make life more rewarding for the religious editors of the *Times* and other papers, to say nothing of the TV camera crews. I think it not impossible that he may yet see the great truths of Episcopacy and wind up in such congenial company as that of the Right Reverend Paul Moore, with mitre, crozier, pectoral cross, and the rest of the gaudy regimentals of an Episcopalian bishop. □

BOOK REVIEW

Farewell, Israel!

Ephraim Sevela / Gateway Editions, Ltd. / $12.95

Hillel Fradkin

In February 1971, twenty-four Soviet Jews staged a sit-in and hunger strike in the reception hall of the Supreme Soviet. The purpose of this unprecedented public display of dissent was to demand the right of free emigration to Israel. Afterwards, the Soviet Union did permit the first large groups of Jews to leave for Israel, and among the émigrés was Ephraim Sevela, one of the heroes of the February sit-in.

At the time of his departure, Mr. Sevela looked forward with high hopes to his new life in Israel. He would be leaving behind the cruel and suffocating atmosphere of official Soviet anti-Semitism for surroundings where he and his fellow Soviet Jews could freely pursue a healthy Jewish life. He also hoped to see realized there his political and social ideals, ideals he had learned as a member in the Komsomol (Communist Youth Organization) but which in the Soviet Union proved to be only a shameless and hypocritical facade. In Israel he would be able to escape from such hypocrisy and achieve his highest personal ambition, to be an honest man.

Now, six years later, Mr. Sevela finds these hopes to have been cruelly unfounded, the result of extreme credulity in a mythical Israel created by the imagination of Soviet Jews. He is totally disenchanted with Israel and speaks with the utmost despair about his own fate and that of the Jewish people. Mr. Sevela does consider the possibility that he is to blame for his great disappointment, that his fantasies about Israel so impaired his judgment that he was incapable of recognizing Israel's virtues. But he rejects this notion. "The sad thing is, however, that Israel turned out to be not only not as good as our dream but scandalously below acceptable standards."

Mr. Sevela's career as an early Jewish activist testifies to the sincerity of his purpose and lends weight to his judgment. By devoting a large part of the book to a description of his life in Russia, he takes care to impress upon the reader that he speaks from a privileged podium. He lays claim to a privileged perspective in another respect as well. As a relative newcomer to Israel, he (along with other Soviet Jews) can see its defects more clearly than most Israelis, who he believes have become so inured to life in Israel as to be indifferent to or unconscious of its faults. Sevela spends the other major portion of his book describing and evaluating these defects.

It is a happy circumstance that Mr. Sevela's book does in fact have two themes. For if it were limited to his critique of Israel, it would be at best an uninteresting book and at worst a dangerous and pernicious distortion of the character and problems of Israeli society. It is not that his enumeration of the difficulties of Israeli life is fanciful. Israel has been afflicted, especially in recent years, by the problems of bureaucratic and economic inefficiency, political graft, social and economic divisiveness, and the hostility of Arab neighbors. Yet to recognize these problems is hardly an exceptional achievement. As these problems have intensified—during a period roughly equivalent to the time Mr. Sevela has spent in Israel—they have become the standard fare of public and private discussion. In fact, they formed the major themes of the most recent Israeli election campaign, which was well underway before Mr. Sevela finished writing his book.

The most dramatic example of the intemperate and false character of Mr. Sevela's judgment is his discussion of Israeli political life. Despite Israel's democratic appearance, he writes, "there is a complete blanket of purely totalitarian power exercised by one or, at the very best, a group of related socialist parties." This view has been given the lie in the

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most dramatic fashion possible by the results of Israel's 1977 elections, which cast the Labour Party from power and put in its place the Likud coalition. One is tempted to excuse Mr. Sevela on the grounds that he was unlikely to anticipate what came as a surprise to so many other Israelis. Moreover, Mr. Sevela labors under an additional handicap: He has only a brief acquaintance with actual democracies and their slow, somewhat chaotic, but often effective resolution of political problems. Nevertheless, this book was evidently finished after the Israeli elections, as one may conclude from a few muted references to the Labour Party's fall from power. Despite this, Mr. Sevela did not see fit to alter his opinion of the vicissitudes and future of Israeli political life. It is therefore not only his judgment that may be questioned but also the honesty in which he seems to take such pride.

This is by no means the only case in which Mr. Sevela's self-proclaimed capacity to face the truth seems a bit dubious. One particularly striking example is his story of an old friend, Heinrich. "Like most of us, he was fully assimilated. He was fully educated in Russian culture, made films in Russian, and Russian was his native and only language." Heinrich initially had no inclination to emigrate to Israel, but he eventually followed Sevela's example. "He sacrificed everything to join the nation from which he had always been so remote and, even at this late stage, to offer it his gifts." After less than a year in Israel, while still in the process of learning Hebrew, Heinrich became very morose, despairing of "having a movie camera in his hands." Nevertheless he did find himself in precisely these circumstances, making a film for the Russian Orthodox Mission in Jerusalem. Shortly thereafter Heinrich, an atheist, had his children baptized in the Russian Orthodox Church and left with them for America. Mr. Sevela, who constantly bewails the fact that many atheistic Soviet immigrants are faced with a choice between the hypocrisy of conversion to Judaism or future legal difficulties in Israel, says about this man:

> I neither judge nor accuse him. He could not have taken this step for personal advantage in order, through the good offices of the Orthodox Mission, to obtain a free ticket to America. What he did must have been a statement—his protest against the snare for immigrants that the Jewish state had become.

One may agree that there is no reason to censure Heinrich, but it is hard to believe that considerations of personal advantage had nothing to do with his decision to leave Israel. Nor is there any reason to blame Israel if it found itself incapable of accepting Heinrich's gifts. After all, a country as small as Israel offers relatively little opportunity for filmmaking and still less for a filmmaker who does not speak the language.

Mr. Sevela's story leads one to suspect that he has not been entirely honest either with himself or with his readers about the motives behind his own rejection of Israel. His motives may in fact be very much like those of his friend. He too is a filmmaker who has found no employment in his profession since arriving in Israel; he too is a man who had little real connection with a distinctly Jewish life prior to his departure for Israel, and who from all appearances has established no substantial connection since his arrival there. He says, for example, that he does not think "that anyone will want to argue with me when I suggest that the celebrated discussion about who is a Jew, which has been torturing the country for so many years, smells of primitive racism a mile off." But in fact many Israelis, both religious and nonreligious, would want to argue. It is after all a fundamental question, if not the most fundamental question, that the Jewish inhabitants of a Jewish state must try to answer. It is not surprising, then, that a man like Sevela, lacking any interest in this question and finding no immediate private fulfillment in Israel, should find the difficulties of life in a young, small, and threatened country insupportable. What is surprising is that a man whose self-proclaimed virtue is honesty should fail to recognize and admit that these factors are the chief source of his dissatisfaction.

As a saying quoted by Sevela states, it takes great efforts to get out of Russia but still greater ones to remain in Israel. Only those Soviet Jewish emigrants who have a meaningful interest in the renaissance of Jewish national life are likely to make such efforts. Happily for Israel the number of such Soviet Jews is by no means small. That there are a few Soviet Jews like Mr. Sevela should occasion little surprise or consternation. After all, the Bible indicates that it was a great deal easier for the Children of Israel to leave Egypt than it was for them to shed the habits of servitude and enter the Promised Land. □

BOOK REVIEW

Chinese Shadows
Simon Leys / Viking / $10.00
In the People's Republic
Orville Schell / Random House / $8.95

Wendell N. Calkins

These two books represent very different attitudes towards China in the 1970s, the one (as its title suggests) dark and sardonic and bitter, the other bright, jovial, and occasionally a bit naive. Yet they do not represent opposite poles, for Orville Schell rather frequently criticizes what he observes, while Simon Leys punctuates his acerbic vignettes with professions of love for the Chinese "people" and for the "Revolution" that is being subverted by bureaucratic stupidity. Indeed, when one discounts the respective biases of the two authors, what each reports tends to reinforce the observations of the other.

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Simon Leys is the *nom de plume* of Pierre Ryckmans, a Belgian art historian who has written several books in the Chinese field. He first visited China in 1955 at the age of 19, became sufficiently acculturated to marry a Chinese woman, and later resided in Hong Kong for five years. In 1972 he revisited China for six months and went back briefly once more in 1973, before having his true identity disclosed to the Peking authorities by people he calls "the Maoist faithful" in Europe. Leys spent a large part of the years 1972 and 1973 writing this book, which first appeared in French in 1974 as *Ombres Chinoises*. The foreword to the English-language edition adds a few notes as of 1976.

Leys disclaims any attempt to write a complete and well-balanced account of the People's Republic. On the contrary, he modestly asserts that *Chinese Shadows* is intended simply to complement the work of scholars he admires, like Han Suyin, Edgar Snow, and John King Fairbank, and to add "some shadows without which even the most luminous portrait lacks depth." Hence, the "negative" and "disjointed" traits of this book, to which the author himself readily admits. And to counter the reproach that he treats "grave matters lightly," Leys maintains that under the circumstances prevailing in the PRC today, no visitor is in a position "to write anything but frivolities." Cut off from the everyday life of the Chinese people, the foreigner must either dish up a warmed-over version

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of the official propaganda so generously provided or string together fleeting and disconnected glimpses of what lies beyond the nearly impenetrable bureaucratic barricade. Yet, choosing the latter course, Leys insists that these ephemeral sketches will prove to have lasting value, since the characteristics of totalitarianism which they adumbrate are as constant and unchanging as human institutions can be. Regarding himself as more prophet than historian, Leys draws the reader's attention particularly to chapters five, six, and eight, in which he treats of the bureaucracy, cultural policy, and the "class struggle."

In his mordant, sarcastic prose Leys revels in ridiculing the 30 hierarchical classes of the bureaucracy in an "egalitarian" society, the obsession of Chinese officials with protocol, the hypocritical masking of some obvious forms of class division (such as in railroad accommodations and military uniforms), the magnificent fringe benefits for those in the top ranks (including riding everywhere in long, black Hung-ch'i limousines before which all barriers open and all heads bow), the sharp salary differentials, and so on at considerable length and with telling effect.

As for cultural life since 1949 the surface appearance is of pendulum-like swings from rigid control to relative freedom to rigid control to relative freedom, tick-tock, tick-tock. In reality, says Leys, there has been a constant erosion of the cultural heritage and suffocation of intellectual life.

> This policy, steadily followed since the Yenan days, has resulted in the near-total extinction of Chinese intellectuals *as such*. There only survive technicians in propaganda, science, and technology; others have been "recycled" in the fields and factories; an irreducible minority of them have committed suicide or been liquidated.

Only running dogs of Communism remain to spew out the constantly shifting and mutually contradictory justifications of the protean party line. The Cultural Revolution produced an intellectual desert, and the oases that have seemed to appear in the last five years are nothing but mirages to tantalize the unwary. The marvelous archaeological exhibit that recently captivated hundreds of thousands of spectators in this country, as well as in Europe and Canada, is a prime example of such a mirage, created to "obliterate the echoes of the Cultural Revolution's savage vandalism."

All current "literature" is done "by the numbers," as they are carefully enumerated for the edification of aspiring writers, while the works of Lu Hsŭn, the greatest revolutionary writer of 20th-century China, are relegated to locked bookcases in museums. While literacy rapidly rises among the younger Chinese, access to books precipitously declines. More and more readers have less and less to read; and what is left is political pabulum. The process will be complete when China finishes the difficult task of converting to a phonetic system of writing with Roman letters. Then the Chinese people will be effectively severed from any knowledge of their magnificent literary heritage.

Chapter seven deals with universities. The message is summed up in the first two sentences:

> Having visited some universities in China, it would be easier for me to write about Chinese taxidermy than about higher education. Everywhere I went the authorities persisted in showing me dusty glass cases full of stuffed animals in zoology department galleries instead of allowing me to see, as I asked to see each time, the Faculties of Arts and Letters at work.

The implication seems obvious: The Chinese rulers are ashamed to show foreigners what goes on in the classrooms "devoted" to the humanities and social sciences. If Leys' analysis of the state of higher education is accurate, we can cherish little hope that the current, much touted reemphasis upon intellectual standards and more rigorous examinations will produce any more than superficial changes. "Red" appears destined to prevail over "expert," except where the latter is politically essential.

Perhaps chapter one, entitled "Foreigners in the People's Republic," makes for the most enjoyable reading. Here Leys' sardonic style proves an effective medium as he describes the various categories of foreigners and how they are each manipulated in a way supposedly advantageous to the Maoist regime. Non-Chinese visitors, for example, are caught up in a whirlwind of activity that is designed to hide the limited and highly structured nature of what they see and hear. Everybody goes to pretty much the same places and talks to

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pretty much the same people, so that for them China is reduced to the "cozy proximity of a small-town Rotary Club." Even one's servants are provided by the service section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. On the other hand, permanent foreign residents, such as embassy staffs, are consigned to their "ghettos" in Peking. If they venture to taste the delights of Peking "culture," they find Madame Mao's six Revolutionary Model operas, a few lousy movies, and some mediocre restaurants. So, back to the ghetto to watch old Fernandel films at the French Embassy. Or would you prefer the British Embassy and Peter Sellers?

The description of Chou En-lai's state banquets is priceless. Seating arrangements are the consequence of "some complex algebra that would have fascinated the Duc de St. Simon....During lulls there is music: a band from the People's Liberation Army plays at regular intervals, like a well-oiled music box, from its vast repertory of about a dozen tunes...." As for the speeches: "...most of the time the waters of governmental eloquence flow smoothly and blandly, bearing their cargo of commonplaces down the canals of predictability...."

Given Leys' own purpose, I cannot fault this book for its one-sidedness. Besides, it is great fun to read! But I do detect a couple of major flaws, even if we play by the author's ground rules. First, Leys is ambiguous and ambivalent about the nature of the Chinese "masses." At times he appears to attribute to them all the credit for the brilliant cultural achievements of China's past. Yet elsewhere he endorses Lu Hsŭn's pessimistic dictum about the slave-like character of the Chinese people. Secondly, according to Leys, all of Chinese history since the founding of the Ming dynasty has been one long aberration leading the "most civilized people on earth" into the "rut" of Maoism. Can a state of things that has existed for more than 600 years be labelled by any stretch of the imagination an "aberration"? Only an Arnold Toynbee could sympathize with such a sweeping dictum. Finally, while claiming to be simply painting a few shadows, Leys likes the company of George Orwell and Lu Hsŭn (he quotes both of them frequently) and appears to harbor the ambition of becoming the third member of a great prophetic trinity.

At the age of 35, Orville Schell visited China in 1975 in a party of twenty Americans varying in age from 18 to 60. The visit was arranged through the Hinton family of the Putney School in Vermont, a family regarded by the rulers of the PRC as enthusiastic and reliable friends. The group not only had one of the standard two-week tours of Peking, Yenan, Sian, Shaoshan (Mao's birthplace), and Shanghai, but also was permitted to spend time working in a Shanghai factory and in the fields of the model Tachai Brigade in Shansi.

Schell was well qualified to get the most out of a limited and carefully controlled experience. After graduating from Harvard, he spent several years in the Far East mastering Chinese. He came home to work for his doctorate at the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California in Berkeley. Although he nowhere brags about it, it is obvious that he could communicate adequately with all of the Chinese people he met, even though they might talk with, say, the heavy accent of a Shansi peasant.

In his approach to the Maoist regime, Schell is much more positive than Leys. He is ready to be impressed by the accomplishments of the People's Republic, and is indeed impressed on more than one occasion: for instance, his excited and vivid report of brain surgery (with the use of acupuncture to anesthetize the patient) in Shanghai, or his account of the incredible grace and skill of professional acrobats. Yet after reading Leys I could not help but reflect upon the atypical nature of these things in China today. These are the showpieces reserved for foreigners. Is not the "barefoot doctor," rather than the skilled brain surgeon, the typical medical figure in China? And I wager that the acrobats are the product of traditional Chinese training passed down from generation to generation like the "families" of Noh and Kabuki actors in Japan.

Indeed, Schell is very much aware of this situation. While eager to see everything good that he can find, he nonetheless frequently complains about the boring "B.I.'s" (Brief Introductions) read or spoken by rote wherever his group was allowed to visit. Like Leys, he is frustrated in his attempts to break through the official facade and to establish meaningful relationships with individual Chinese. Whenever he seems about to do so, his official guide and interpreter intervenes to foil the move. And questions to officials about personal matters like sex and marriage are deflected, answered in implausible ways, or ignored altogether.

Schell is less cynical than Leys, however, in explaining the motives of those who thus frustrate the curiosity of western visitors. He attributes the difficulties not to the deliberate machinations of a totalitarian regime, or to the frightened reactions of aspiring bureaucrats, but to an underlying cultural difference that orients the Chinese to collectivist attitudes and makes them quite uncurious about western ways and western preoccupations. Is he a bit naive in this? Or is Leys unduly cynical? I confess I am not sure. At any rate, Leys and Schell complement each other in interesting ways, and both are well worth reading. □

BOOK REVIEW

Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman, 1945-1948
Robert J. Donovan / W.W. Norton / $14.95

Richard Kirkendall

Everyone, it seems, now has an opinion on Harry Truman's quality as president. To be sure he was never ignored, but what is striking today is that most people express admiration for him. A quarter century ago most Americans had a negative opinion, one that historians soon attempted to correct. Now, Truman has become a hero to the people, while scholars have become more cautious, and even unfavorable.

In 1952, most Americans regarded Truman as a failure. Yearning for an effective president, they considered him to be weak and indecisive. He had permitted the Communists to gain control of Eastern Europe and China, and he had failed to prevent—and then to end—the Korean war. His critics assumed that the United States could be a successful nation and accomplish all that it desired, if only it were led by a great man; but it had the misfortune to be led—or rather misled—by Truman in a crucial period.

In bidding farewell, Truman challenged this appraisal, insisting that he had been unusually successful. In so doing he made some mention of the economy and civil rights, but he emphasized foreign affairs, especially the decision to intervene in Korea. He maintained that he had learned the lessons of history and avoided the mistakes of the past, and thus had saved mankind from World War III, at least for the time being. He implied that he had

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been wiser and more successful than Roosevelt or Hoover, and that his successor must continue the Truman policies.

From the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s, liberal historiography—the dominant historiography of the time—tended to support Truman's self-estimate. While noting his defects, the liberal historians emphasized his accomplishments, arguing that Truman had exercised, enlarged, and preserved the powers of the presidency, attacked Jim Crow, and made major foreign-policy decisions with great and valuable consequences. Doubting that he—that anyone—could have accomplished much more either at home or abroad, these historians regarded him as a "great," or at least "near great," president.

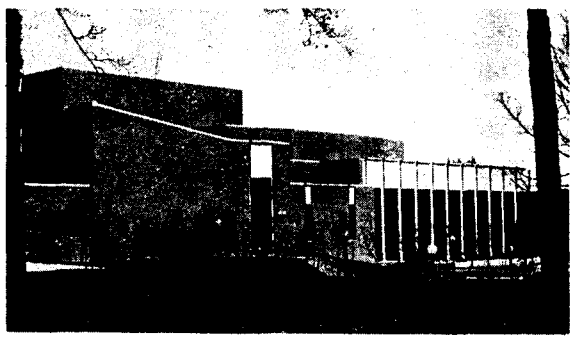
By the late 1960s, however, the liberal interpretation was being challenged vigorously from the left. A revisionist historiography had emerged that emphasized the power and influence of capitalism and capitalists in American history, and blamed the United States rather than Russia for the Cold War. According to the new line, Truman was an intellectual incompetent—politically weak at home, aggressive abroad. In explaining his actions some revisionists stressed his unfortunate personality, while others saw him as little more than the puppet of an imperialistic capitalism.

Although the revisionists have exerted some influence in the historical profession and have even reached beyond it, most Americans, including our most recent presidents, reject this view of Harry Truman. He has become a national hero; and his admirers in and out of the White House tend to emphasize his personality, above all his moral qualities, rather than his decisions and policies. This enthusiasm for Truman is the result of a deep and pervasive leadership crisis that has been taking shape for a decade and is now one of the most important features of our politics. It would seem that most Americans now yearn for an honest man of a traditional sort—even more than for an effective man—and they see Truman as the man of their dreams. They assume that our society and its institutions would function successfully once again if only a good American of the Truman type would come to the front. Carter assumes that such a man has emerged, but of course so did Ford.

Certainly, the present-day enthusiasm for Truman is to some extent unwarranted, but Robert J. Donovan's *Conflict and Crisis* does provide a realistic and reliable basis for viewing Truman as a successful president. Donovan presents a predominantly positive appraisal of Truman, while endorsing some of the usual criticisms: such as that Truman contributed to the rise of irrational anti-Communism, and that in the Truman years can be found sources of later CIA misdeeds. Unlike the revisionists, Donovan does not attach primary importance to the military or economic influences on American foreign policy, although he recognizes they played a part:

> In holding that the United States should offer international leadership, Truman was not simply in step with the military but was aligned with the views of formidable elements in big business, in investment houses, in banks, in the large law firms, in the universities, in the press, in labor, in Congress, and in the government bureaucracies....Differences might arise on details, but on the main questions of a dominant American role, moral leadership, support of capitalist interests, and stopping Soviet expansion Truman stood at the heart of a broad and powerful consensus.

Also, unlike the revisionists, Donovan emphasizes continuity when examining the switch from Roosevelt to Truman, does not blame Truman for the Cold War (although he believes partial fault lay with the United States), and does not criticize him for deciding to use the bomb and not to make a reconstruction loan to Russia. Donovan's list of Truman's accomplishments resembles Truman's own, as well as that of the liberal scholars of more than a decade ago; his explanation of Truman's failures in domestic affairs stresses the difficulties Truman faced, including the power of the conservative coalition in Congress; and his interpretation of the man from Indepen-



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dence denies that Truman was swayed only by political considerations and did not have commitments to liberal and humanitarian principles. Above all, Donovan is impressed by the contrast between what was expected (and what he believes should have been expected) and what Truman accomplished—and he refuses to give all credit for success to advisors and subordinates.

The contrast between this book and what previously was the best effort by a journalist to survey the subject is striking. In *The Truman Presidency*, published in 1966, Cabell Phillips covered the entire period from 1945 to 1953 in less than 400 pages. Donovan uses well over 400 pages and covers only the first term. (The second will be explored in a second volume.) Phillips used the scholarly literature in a highly selective way, ignoring the revisionism that was already emerging, and complained bitterly about the inadequacies of the materials available to him in the Truman Library. Donovan has explored the full range of writings by historians on the Truman period, and has profitted from recent openings in the Truman Library. Phillips relied chiefly on interviews for his contributions, but Donovan conducted many more and was also able to draw heavily on a rich collection of oral histories which have become available in the past decade.

The chief shortcoming of this new book is its lack of a controlling theme. As the organization into a large number of small chapters suggests, Donovan is fascinated with the details of the story, and he has gathered together a vast amount of information. At many points he adds to our knowledge and understanding of episodes and people and relations among them, for instance: the Palestine issue; Truman's relationship with Byrnes, Marshall, and Acheson; and Truman's first campaign tour in 1948. Donovan's writing is at its best in describing scenes and people, nearly all of whom he saw in action as a reporter for the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Donovan does not, however, debate with the scholars about their interpretations; he sticks close to his sources and does not, in the fashion of some historians of the period, supply a bold thesis to which the details are subordinated.

The advance of research and interpretation enables us to see now that the crucial questions about Truman concerned Russia. What did the Russians hope to achieve? How powerful were they? What would they have accomplished if Truman had behaved differently? Donovan does not address these questions and actually is not very clear about his assumptions here. But in fact they cannot be dealt with effectively until the Russians are persuaded to open up their archives. In the meantime, overall interpretations of the Truman period will continue to rest upon untested assumptions. □

ENCOMIUMS FOR CALIFANO

(continued from page 4)

he. Joe is living proof that one of Washington's legendary "workaholics" can be cheerful. In fact he is famous for joshing it up with reporters, pols, and anyone else not directly subordinate to him. The grandchild of an immigrant fruitmonger, Joe bounced about the hard surfaces of Brooklyn, graduated from Holy Cross, and entered Harvard Law School from which he emerged *magna cum laude* after honing his legalese at the *Harvard Law Review*.

In the Kennedy administration he served as a button-down factotum, first for a Mr. Cy Vance and then for Mr. Robert S. McNamara, the theorist. Joe was quick to grasp the change Kennedy was bringing about. Soon Washington would be transformed from a drowsy Southern city of boozy pols into a world capital, the seat of the most immense government on the planet. In the years to come behemoth bureaucracies would be shelved in gigantic and hideous buildings—every one looking like a fortress designed by Le Corbusier. Politics was already becoming America's safest route to riches and fun, and political influence for the non-elected and probably non-electable could be secured by showering one's boss with memos, ramrodding whatever idiotic policy is presumed to assuage the crisis of the moment, and solemnly intoning whatever socially approved bromides suddenly become fashionable amongst the powerful. These were important components of the Kennedy style. Henry Fairlie has pointed out that the Kennedys "could not sit still"; and Joe found a political philosophy based on harum-scarum much to his liking. Of course his language is not always as grandiloquent as that of JFK, but it has plenty of noble exhortations, spiced with nonce values like compassion and progress. Moreover, let us remember that even the elegant JFK was not incapable of blurting out such bilge as "The American cow is the 'foster mother' of the human race, and a great asset to the nation"—the historic day was February 27, 1960, and the site, Bloom, Wisconsin.

Joe became renowned for tireless activity and thousands (perhaps hundreds of thousands) of memos. I have it on good authority that the gentle Cy Vance would scramble behind his chair whenever a caravan arrived from Joe's office. McNamara was more agreeable to such pothering and Johnson seems to have positively envied it—though on this the historians are in dispute. Some say the truckloads of memos sent up for LBJ's nocturnal reading made him groan. Others insist that Johnson admired the prolific young memoist, fending off any criticism of him with statements like: "Don't you criticize Califano. There's never been a man around me who wrote so many memos."

This anecdote is useful, revealing as it does the Washington *exaltés'* high esteem for that bizarre frenzy that they take to be an acceptable simulacrum for work, and suggesting as it does Joe's mixed reviews. Sad to say, not everyone appreciated the rising hustler. Some went so far as to allege that he unscrupulously claimed authorship of memos actually written by subordinates. This is a charge that ought to be laid to rest once and for all, and its veracity is not too difficult to establish. Joe's prose style is outstanding, even for a Washington operator, and the distinguishing mark that gives it away every time is that some variation of the word "enhance" appears on every third page. At any rate, I can well imagine the surreptitious amusement Joe derived from advancing himself through governmental ranks by creating ever more onerous labor for his bosses. I have a vivid image of him merrily trundling around the halls of government, gathering bushel baskets of incomprehensible facts and dubious analyses, pasting them down and tying them together with portentous and hopelessly wrongheaded conclusions, then ordering some twitching ninety-pound secretary to lug them off to his already sorely pressed boss. It is the kind of joke Joe enjoys best: putting to his own purposes the foolishness of the hour.

This has always been his strong suit. Give the clowns what dazzles them. He is neither a conservative nor a liberal; he is a public servant who chooses his publics wisely. During his great years he has presciently sensed the changing moods and has generally latched on to those about to change these moods. No about-face has been beyond his God-given talents. Joe keeps his face to the horizon. His past does not trouble him. Nowadays in America this is an essential quality for greatness.

At first his policy responsibilities were tedious matters like supervising the Army Corps of Engineers Civil Works Program and the water-pollution-control regulations. Yet even in these dreary hours he must have enjoyed himself. There is that absurd earnestness with which government's career bureaucrats pursue hopeless and often contradictory policies. Doubtless he entertained himself with mischievous subterfuges just to make their work grimmer and more idiotic. Perhaps he set them to doing those pointless studies of mass transit; after all, he had a hand in the establishment of the Department of Transportation. Then too I can see him personally rewriting regulatory codes, making them even more incomprehensible and perplexing to bureaucrats and the regu-

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lated alike. And then, of course, he would holler at the oafs. Of that I am certain. His penchant for diatribes is one of his most ingratiating facets.

Under Johnson, Joe rose to become one of the most powerful White House aides in history. Newspapers were given to calling him "deputy president of the Great Society," though his formal appellation was "special assistant for domestic affairs." By 1967 he was probably Johnson's top aide—Walter Jenkins, Bobby Baker, and Bill Moyers having already made their contributions to our history—and no one doubts that he was the chief architect of many Great Society programs. Not only did he have a hand in water-pollution control, but by 1967 he was deeply involved in more exciting mischief like the so-called consumer legislation, automobile safety, the Office of Economic Opportunity, and possibly the most notable botch of all, Model Cities.

On leaving office he joined up with the hottest political law firm in Washington, Arnold and Porter, and spent the next couple of years leading business clients across the tricky terrain of government regulations, many of which he knew from the inside out, so to speak. In 1971 he continued this service when he started his own law firm with Edward Bennett Williams, owner of the Washington Redskins. Yet as always Joe could not sit still. Between clients he played politics in the gardens of the Democrats and wrote two books: a slim and banal volume titled *The Student Revolution: A Global Confrontation* (1970), and a thick and banal volume titled *A Presidential Nation* (1975). In the first he batters the "establishment" for its insensitivity to student aspirations in the 1960s; in the second he frets over the awesome power that Richard Nixon somehow managed to gather in the presidency. The most striking feature of both books is that they treat issues which at the time of publication horrified ritualistic liberals. What is more, Joe discusses the crises in terms decidedly pleasing to the ritualistic liberals but without ever revealing his role in bringing the crises to life.

The achievement of these books cannot be understated. Nor should we miss their importance in saving a dangerously imperiled career and in illuminating the workings of one of the most unique minds in Washington. They were written in dark times when a new spirit of impious brainlessness threatened to take over the Democratic Party and to finish off everyone ever associated with that party's *ancien régime*. Joe had not only lived it up in Versailles, he had helped to build it. Yet by masterfully playing to every inflection of the current wisdom he managed to put himself in good odor with the mob. Less than a year after publication of the second book he was back in power.

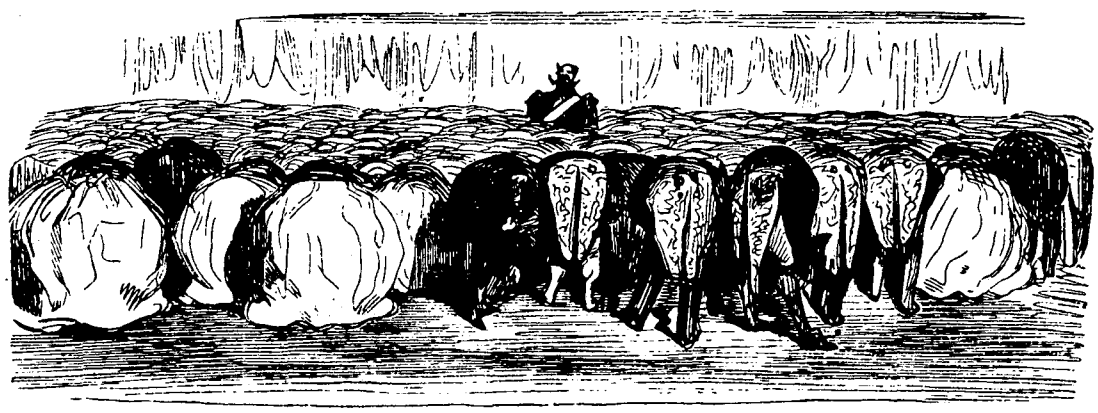
All this was achieved with his customary blatancy. In the first book Joe frankly admits that he has just milked the Ford Foundation for an around-the-world trip and that the drivel he has ladled out is the result of "essentially impressionistic" stops in places like Rome, Paris, and London. It is a cheeky admission and not without its clever political purpose, revealing as it does Joe's good repute with that august fount of social change. Knowing what we know about Joe's style of life, I can think of nothing more fattening than to have accompanied him on these researches. Imagine how much greater a contribution to knowledge this book would have made if it had been written on "Great Restaurants: A Global Phenomenon." Alas, such a volume will have to await a shift in the left-liberal canon of concerns. Such shifts are not unthinkable—some suffering situation could turn up at the *Tour d'Argent*. If it does doubtless Joe will be there to inform us.

Joe's tenure at HEW might be slightly less exciting than his career under LBJ. Gigantic social policies are still talked about, but there is a troubling reluctance in the Congress to pass them. And Joe has been left with more subtle policies like ridding American high schools of such vestiges of bigotry as father-son dinners. These activities can be amusing, especially in the case of affirmative action where one can totally disrupt the lives of millions of stuffy middle-class drones and at times personally thrust an utter incompetent upon his superiors. Joe, after all, knows what is best for the flotsam and jetsam. Today he must exult in speaking out against health hazards such as alcoholic beverages, chocolate cream pies, and tobacco—the latter, incidentally, being an industry in which, so the newspapers say, he has considerable amounts of stock.

Whether such comparatively low-key mischief amuses Joe is not recorded. Doubtless he would truly like to get on with the spending of more billions and with serving as the architect of an even greater Great Society, but for now this is not to be. Joe's 1960s handiwork is already running the country into bankruptcy and word of its worthlessness is spreading.

No less reliable a source than the Brookings Institution reviewed Joe's work back in the spring of 1972 and proclaimed the Great Society full of mold. Traditional big government programs of the New Deal type were plausible, for there already existed knowledge of how to transfer money to the needy or how to build dams. Great Society endeavors, however, like programs for improving health care, preschool training, and job training, were more difficult. They often involved unacceptable amounts of coercion and knowledge that did not exist. For instance, no one really knows how to raise reading achievement scores in poverty schools. These kinds of problems coupled with high costs make it unlikely that Joe will get another fling at his favorite kind of activity.

Yet there is still plenty to do. From 1963 to 1973, spending for Great Society programs soared from $1.7 billion to $35.7 billion, and since then it has more than doubled. Today Joe has more money to spend, more people to manipulate, and more areas in which to intrude. Public service should continue to attract him. He is one of the most successful and I believe joyful men to come to Washington in the past twenty-five years. I predict he will continue to skip along his blessed path. He is one of God's darlings. □



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CURRENT WISDOM

Winnipeg Free Press

An inspirational exchange of enlightened bromides between Dr. Donald M. Kendall, chairman and chief executive officer of Pepsico, and Mr. Juri B. Zhizhin, the USSR's leading vodka tycoon, on the occasion of the signing of an agreement to increase the traffic in Pepsi Cola and Stolichnaya vodka between the famed superpowers:

Improved ties help create a network of interlocking relations of mutual value and reduce the antagonism and suspicion which, in the past, permeated virtually all East-West contacts after decades of mutual hostility.

—Dr. Kendall

Let there be a Pepsi bottle on the table of every Soviet family, and let every American family adorn its table with a bottle of Stolichnaya.

—Mr. Zhizhin

[*January 13, 1978*]

Raleigh [N.C.] News and Observer

Mr. Harold Armstead Covington, esteemed commander of the Nazi Party of North Carolina, declares his idealistic candidacy for Mayor of modern-day Raleigh to an obviously hostile press:

The bearded Covington, who said he had a job but would not identify his employer, said he was running to give a voice to whites in Raleigh. "Look at the council now," Covington said. "The mayor's a businessman. You've got a black, a Jew, a woman, an artsy-craftsy liberal from the university and a good old boy. I just think it's time that white people had some representation on the city council."

Covington said he would campaign on a "program of positive national socialism—sort of like the constructive things that Adolph Hitler did for Germany." Catching himself with alarm, he added, "don't put it in there that I'm comparing myself to Adolph Hitler."

[*August 23, 1977*]

The Progressive

While dipping his caucasian carcass in the swimming pool at the University of Louisville, Mr. Milton Mayer, the *Progressive*'s Roving Editor, makes another of those subtle points for which he is so justly celebrated:

My club is crowded, and it is usually two to a lane. The other day each of the six lanes had two swimmers in it, so I jumped into the handiest. Its two occupants were one white and one Nigra—the only Nigra in the pool. It's a little tricky with three in a lane, but pretty soon the other honky got out and then there were two of us, the Nigra and I. But not for long.

Another Nigra entered the natatorium, looked around, saw that each lane had two swimmers—and jumped into ours. Two Nigras, one honky. And then two more Nigras entered the natatorium, looked around, saw that each lane had two swimmers except ours, which had two Nigras and one honky—and jumped into ours.

Why did they jump into ours, or, perhaps more suggestively, why did they *have to* jump into ours? (Why did *both of them* have to jump into ours?)

[*June 1977*]

The New York Times Magazine

Mr. Richard Dreyfuss, thespian and *philosophe*, describing the tastes and behavior of us intellectuals:

"I always knew that I could be a star for this whole audience that didn't relate to John Wayne or Al Pacino," says Dreyfuss, "an urban, progressive, intellectually oriented audience, not too macho, people who read, people who listen to Paul Simon and Randy Newman. People like me."

[*January 15, 1978*]

Commonweal

From unlikely parts, an auspicious development, spied by the intrepid Mr. Douglas Mattern, long-time paladin of peace and chairman of the World Citizens League, a vast, far-flung, unbelievably influential camorra of addlepates:

Fortunately, there are signs of a new awakening; a beckoning to life and the future from the very depths of humanity. One example is the multitude of petitions now circulating around the globe. One of these, the Stockholm Appeal, has already been signed by over 300 million people, including 100 million in the Soviet Union.

[*May 27, 1977*]

Miscellaneous

A confidential communiqué leaked from the office of the Active Democrats' Club of Greensboro, North Carolina, and delineating the astonishing rise of a modern political genius. Fear not for the Republic. Help is on the way:

Lettie June Brown, Chairman of Precinct 11 and who as a Delegate-alternate to the Democratic National Convention in '76, was elected President of the Active Democrats' Club held in December. This club was formed in January of this year and now has a membership of 44, 11 serving on the Guilford County executive committee.

Ms. Brown, also a member of the Young Democrats, became interested in politics in 1972 at which time she worked in the headquarters of Gov. George Wallace. She co-chaired his campaign in 1976. She also worked in the headquarters of the election of Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green.

Before entering politics, Ms. Brown was interested in the Arts. While in Winston-Salem, she was President of the Maids of Melody several years who spent their time at the Arts Center, rehearsing. During this period of time she also served as a member of the Arts Council Board of Trustees. The Maids of Melody was made up of 40 girls who gave concerts throughout the state, including the Lions and Rotary clubs, under the direction of H. Grady Miller of High Point. Mr. Miller recently composed a song to be presented to President Jimmy Carter via Senator Robert Morgan called "He's Our Man."

Ms. Brown was also soloist in the Fairview Moravian Church in Winston-Salem of which she and her husband, Bill, remain members and seldom miss the Lovefeast and Candlelight service on Christmas Eve.

Ms. Brown wishes to announce that our next meeting of the Active Democrats' will be held at Nuckles Restaurant....

[*Undated, alas*]

Social Studies In Philosophy

The incunabular yawp of an elegant and informed dissertation on the worst calamity to strike America since Solzhenitsyn influenza:

A new term, "the new conservatism," has recently appeared in the American sociopolitical lexicon. The meaning given it does not resolve merely to a description of the current conservative trends in the United States (represented, for example, by George Wallace or Barry Goldwater), which until recently were termed neoconservative in the critical literature. (1) A number of American writers have begun to employ the term "new conservatism" in a narrower sense: to denote the evolution of the sociopolitical views of those ideologists of capitalist reformism who were, until recently, known as neoliberals. The term "new conservatism" was first employed in that sense by the American radical sociologist Michael Harrington in analyzing the evolution, in the realm of political ideas and social policy, of the views of such prominent bourgeois ideologists as Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Nathan Glazer, and others.

[*Fall 1977*]

Ms.

Zoological note gleaned from the correspondence section of *Ms.*, the incomparable:

Reading Carol Tavris's article, "The Sexual Lives of Women over 60" (July, 1977), had an effect on me that I did not anticipate: it made me horny. I am 34 years old. Bravo.

Karen Petrovich, Traverse City, Michigan

[*November 1977*]

San Francisco Chronicle

The solemn judgment of Senator Lowell Weicker, public nuisance:

"Governor Reagan is not the only prominent American to oppose the Panama Canal treaty. Many men and women of good sense, good will and honorable intent oppose it, and these include many of my colleagues in the Senate," he said.

But he found, he said, that their arguments generally were based on the fact that this nation should not "give away" something that the nation built, paid for and needs to keep.

This, he said, "is a petty, bullying assertion unworthy of a great power."

[*October 4, 1977*]

Mother Jones

Mrs. Connie Saurbin, wife of the fortunate Mr. Saurbin, tells all:

Dear Mother:

I was a flower child, then a modest revolutionary; till '72 I made my living selling an underground newspaper. Then the paper folded and so did I, ending up feeling suicidal in a state mental hospital. Along the way I have learned a lot about my motivations, my hatred for the system and its lackeys....

Right now I'm going to school in the corrupt system so I can survive; I am married to a man who makes plenty of money. In short, I have sold out. I have given up the hopes of the '60s because I don't want to "sleep on the floor." But somewhere deep and dormant, the revolutionary lives, still looking for the right vehicle. That self has not totally surrendered. Otherwise I could not live.

Connie Saurbin
Safford, Arizona

[*November 1977*]

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Tenth Anniversary dinner
that appeared in the February issue
were taken by Mr. Jan Lukas.

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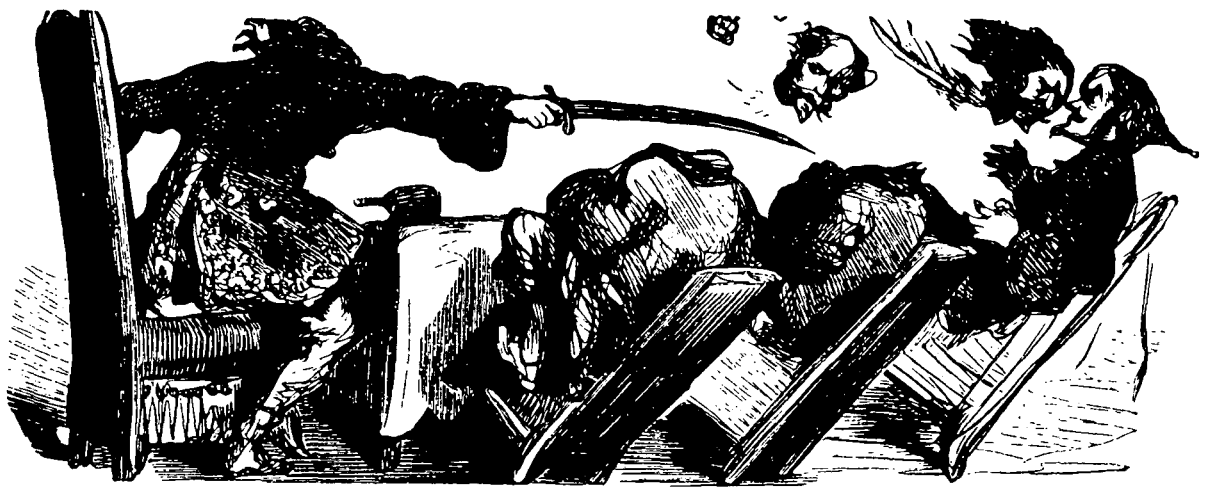

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